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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

D. R. LOCKE'S LAST NOVEL. Read announcement on Fourth Page.

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Poetry.

SUMMER IS HERE.

SUMMER is here.
Of course she has not done exactly right—
She has delayed her coming, has been queer
And most capricious in her ways this year.
Still she has come, and we forget
The disappointment and the pain we've met;
We will forgive the shivers and the blight
That made us suffer on that freezing night—
Summer is here.

Summer is here.
The lake invites us with hoarse cries of steam,
As gliding boats through yielding waters pass;
And from the lawn, through mist of pale green grass,
The mower buzzes its cicada strain.
Yes it is true, summer has come again;
Again our freckles court the sun's bright beam;
Again we dangle fish-hook's in the stream.
Summer is here.

YOUNG AMERICA.

Dear young America! bright and sixteen,
What is there left you've not heard of or seen?
Father and mother, your grandfather gray,
Listen in wonder to hear what you say;
You know it all.

You upset the nations—pull down the laws,
Prove black to be white and effect without cause,
Government's better without any taxes;
You show the old world turns wrong on her axis;
You know it all.

Dear young America! years slip away,
Your wisdom grows small and smaller each day.
At last it is gone, and comes not again;
You're like the rest of us—women and men
Who know—nothing at all.
—LOUISE HOUGHTON.

THE SONG OF THE SCYTHE.

Mowers, weary and brown and blithe,
What is the word methinks ye know,
Endless over-word that the scythe
Sings to the blades of the grass below?
Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
Something still they say as they pass;
What is the word that, over and over,
Sings the scythe to the flowers and grass?

"Hush! ah, hush!" the scythes are saying,
"Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
"Hush!" they say to the grasses swaying.
"Hush!" they sing to the clover deep,
"Hush!" 'tis the lullaby Time is singing.
"Hush," and heed not, for all things pass.
"Hush, ah, hush!" and the scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass.
—*Andrew Lang in Boston Journal.*

Our Story Teller.

A SECRET OF TELEGRAPH HILL.

A Novelette Written for the Blade.

BY BRET HARTE,

Author of "Tales of the Argonauts," "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Cressy" etc. Now First Published. Copyright 1889 by the Author.

PART II.

HE hurriedly picked them up. They were worn and slippery from use, and exhaled a faint odor of tobacco. Had they been left there by some temporary visitor unknown to Tappington and his family, or had they been hastily hidden by a servant? Yet they were of a make and texture superior to those that a servant would possess; looking at them carefully he recognized them to be of a quality used by the better class of gamblers. Restoring them carefully to their former position, he was tempted to take out the other volumes, and was rewarded with a further discovery of a small box of ivory counters, known as "poker chips." It was really very extraordinary! It was quite the *cache* of some habitual gambler. Herbert smiled grimly at the irreverent incongruity of the hiding place selected by its unknown and mysterious owner, and amused himself by fancying the horror of his sainted predecessor had *he* made the discovery. He determined to replace them, and to put some mark upon the volumes before them in order to detect any future disturbance of them in his absence.

Ought he not to take Miss Brooks in his confidence? Or should he say nothing about it at present, and trust to chance to discover the sacreligious hider? Could it possibly be Cherry herself, guilty of the same innocent curiosity that had impelled her to buy the "Ham-fat Man?" Preposterous! Besides, the cards had been used, and she could not play poker alone!

He watched the rolling fog extinguish the line of Russian Hill, the last bit of far perspective from his window. He glanced at his neighbor's veranda, already dripping with moisture; the windows were blank; he remembered to have heard the girls giggling in passing down the side street on their way to church, and had noticed from behind his own curtain that one was rather pretty. This led him to think of Cherry again, and to recall the quaint, but melancholy grace of her figure as she sat on the stool opposite. Why had she withdrawn it so abruptly; did she consider his jesting allusion to it indecorous and presuming? Had

NOBODY WAS THERE.

he really meant it seriously; and was he beginning to think too much about her? Would she ever come again? How nice it would be if she returned from church alone early, and they could have a comfortable chat together here! Would she sing the "Ham-fat Man" for him? Would the dimples come back if she did? Should he ever know more of this quaint repressed side of her nature? After all, what a dear, graceful, tantalizing, lovable creature she was! Ought he not at all hazards, try to know her better? Might it not be here that he would find a perfect realization of his boyish dreams, and in her all that—what nonsense he was thinking!

Suddenly Herbert was startled by the sound of a light but hurried foot upon the wooden outer step of his second door, and the quick but ineffective turning of the door handle. He started to his feet, his mind still filled with a vision of Cherry. Then he as suddenly remembered that he had locked the door on going out, putting the key in his overcoat pocket. He had returned by the front door, and his overcoat was now hanging in the lower hall.

The door again rattled impetuously. Then it was supplemented by a female voice in a hurried whisper: "Open quick—can't you? Do hurry!"

He was confounded. The voice was authoritative, not unmusical; but was not Cherry's. Nevertheless he called out quickly: "One moment, please, and I'll get the key!" dashed down stairs and back again, breathlessly unlocked the door and threw it open.

Nobody was there!

He ran out into the street. On one side it terminated abruptly on the cliff on which his dwelling was perched. On the other, it descended more gradually into the next throughfare; but up and down the street, on either hand, no one was to be seen. A slightly superstitious feeling for an instant crept over him. Then he reflected that the mysterious visitor could in the interval of his getting the key have easily slipped down the steps of the cliff or entered the shrubbery of one of the adjacent houses. But why had she not waited? And what did she want? As he re-entered his door he mechanically raised his eyes to the windows of his neighbor's. This time he certainly was not mistaken. The two amused mischievous faces that suddenly disappeared behind the curtain as he looked up showed that the incident had not been unwitnessed. Yet it was impossible that it could have been either of *them*. Their house was only accessible by a long detour. It might have been the trick of a confederate; but the tone of half-familiarity and half-entreaty in the unseen visitor's voice dispelled the idea of any collusion. He entered the room and closed the door angrily. A grim smile stole over his face as he glanced around at the dainty, saint-like appointments of the absent Tappington, and thought what that irreproachable young man would have said to the indecorous intrusion, even though it had been a mistake. Would those shameless Pike county girls have dared to laugh at him?

But he was puzzled to know why he himself should have been selected for this singular experience. Why was he considered fair game for these girls? And, for the matter of that, now that he reflected upon it, why had even this gentle, refined, and melancholy Cherry thought it necessary to talk slang to him on their first acquaintance, and offer to sing him the "Ham-fat Man?" It was true he had been a little gay; but never dissipated. Of course he was not a saint, like Tappington—Oh! that was it! He believed he understood it now. He was suffering from that extravagant conception of what worldiness consists of, so common to very good people with not knowledge of the world, compared to Tappington, he was in their eyes, of course, a rake and roue. The explanation pleased him. He would not keep it to himself. He would gain Cherry's confidence and enlist her sympathies. Her gentle nature would revolt at this injustice to their lonely lodger. She would see that there were degrees of goodness besides her brother's. She would perhaps sit on that stool again and not sing the "Ham-fat Man."

A day or two afterward the opportunity seemed offered to him. As he was coming home and ascending the long hilly street, his eye was taken by a tall, graceful figure just preceding him. It was she. He had never before seen her in the street, and was now struck with her ladylike bearing and the grave superiority of her perfectly simple attire. In a thoroughfare haunted by handsome women and striking toilettes, the refined grace of her mourning costume, and a certain stateliness that gave her the look of a young widow, was a contrast that evidently attracted others than himself. It was with an old mingling of pride and jealousy that he watched the admiring, yet respectful glances of the passers-by, some of whom turned to look again, and one or two to retrace their steps and follow her at

SHE BLUSHED SLIGHTLY.

a decorous distance. This caused him to quicken his own pace, with a new anxiety and a remorseful sense of wasted opportunity. What a booby he had been, not to have made more of his contiguity to this charming girl—to have been frightened at the naive decorum of her maidenly instincts! He reached her side, and raised his hat with a trepidation at her newfound graces—with a boldness that was defiant of her other admirers. She blushed slightly.

"I thought you'd overtake me before," she said naively. "I saw you ever so long ago."

He stammered, with an equal simplicity, that he had not dared to.

She looked a little frightened again, and then said hurriedly, "I only thought that I would meet you on Montgomery street, and we would walk home together. I don't like to go out alone, and mother cannot always go with me. Tappington never cared to take me out—I don't know why. I think he didn't like the people staring and stopping us. But they stare more—don't you think?—when one is alone. So I thought if you were coming straight home we might come together—unless you have something else to do?"

Herbert impulsively reiterated his joy at meeting her—and averred that no other engagement, either of business or pleasure, could or would stand in his way. Looking up, however, it was with some consternation that he saw they were already within a block of the house.

"Suppose we take a turn around the hill and come back by the old street down the steps?" he suggested, earnestly.

The next moment he regretted it; the frightened look returned to her eyes; her face became melancholy and formal again.

"No!" she said, quickly. "That would be taking a walk with you like these young girls and their young men on Saturdays. That's what Ellen does with the butcher's boy on Sundays. Tappington often used to meet them. Doing the 'Come, Philanders,' as he says you call it."

It struck Herbert that the didactic Tappington's method of inculcating a horror of slang in his sister's breast was open to some objection; but they were already on the steps of their house, and he was too much mortified at the reception of his last unhappy suggestion to make the confidential disclosure he had intended—even if there had still been time. "There's mother waiting for me," she said after an awkward pause, pointing to the figure of Mrs. Brooks dimly outlined on the verandah. "I suppose she was beginning to be worried about my being out alone. She'll be so glad I met you." It didn't appear to Herbert that Mrs. Brooks exhibited any extravagant joy over the occurrence, and she almost instantly retired with her daughter into the sitting-room, linking her arm in Cherry's, and, as it were, empanoplying her with her own invulnerable shawl. Herbert went to his room more dissatisfied with himself than ever.

Two or three days elapsed without his seeing Cherry; even the well-known rustle of her skirt in the passage was missing. On the third evening he resolved to bear the formal terrors of the drawing-room again, and stumbled upon a decorous party consisting of Mrs. Brooks, the deacon, and the pastor's wife—but not Cherry. It struck him on entering that the momentary awkwardness of the company, and the formal beginning of a new topic indicated that he had been the subject of their previous conversation. In that idea he continued, through that vague spirit of opposition which attacks impulsive people in such circumstances, to generally disagree with them on all subjects, and to exaggerate what he chose to believe they thought objectionable in him. He did not remain long, but learned in that brief interval that Cherry had gone to visit a friend in Contra Costa, and would be absent a fortnight; and he was conscious that the information was conveyed to him with a peculiar significance.

The result of which was only to intensify his interest in the absent Cherry, and for a week to plunge him in a sea of conflicting doubts and resolutions. At one time he thought seriously of demanding an explanation from Mrs. Brooks, and of confiding to her—as he had intended to do to Cherry—his fears that his character had been misinterpreted, and his reasons for believing so. But here he was met by the difficulty of formulating what he wished to have explained, and some doubts as to whether his confidences were prudent. At another time he contemplated a serious imitation of Tappington's perfections, a renunciation of the world, and entire change in his habits. He would go regularly to church—*her* church—and take up Tappington's desolate Bible class. But here the torturing doubt arose whether a young lady who betrayed a certain secular curiosity, and who had evidently depended upon her brother for a knowledge of the world, would entirely like it. At times he thought of giving up the room, and abandoning forever this doubly dangerous proximity; but here again he was deterred by the difficulty of giving a satisfactory reason to his employer who had procured it as a favor. His passion—for such he began to fear it to be—led him once to the extravagance of asking a day's holiday from the bank, which he vaguely spent in the streets of Oakland in the hope of accidently meeting the exiled Cherry.

CHAPTER III.

THE fortnight slowly passed. She returned, but he did not see her. She was always out or engaged in her room with some female friend when Herbert was at home. This was singular, as she had never appeared to him as a young girl who was fond of visiting or had ever affected female friendships. In fact, there was little doubt now that, wittingly or unwittingly, she was avoiding him.

He was moodily sitting by the fire one evening, having returned early from dinner. In reply to his habitual, but affectedly careless, inquiry, Ellen had told him that Mrs. Brooks was confined to her room by a slight headache, and that Miss Brooks was out. He was trying to read, and listening to the wind that occasionally rattled the casement and caused the solitary gas lamp that was visible in the side street to flicker and leap wildly. Suddenly he heard the same footfall upon his outer step and a light tap at the door. Determined this time to solve the mystery he sprang to his feet, and ran to the door; but to his anger and astonishment it was locked, and the key was gone. Yet he was positive that *he* had not taken it out.

The tap was timidly repeated. In desperation he called out: "Please don't go away yet. The key is gone; but I'll find it in a moment." Nevertheless he was at his wit's ends.

There was a hesitating pause, and then the sound of a key cautiously thrust into the lock. It turned; the door opened, and a tall figure, whose face and form were completely hidden in a veil and long gray shawl, quickly glided into the room, and closed the door behind it. Then it suddenly raised its arms, the shawl was parted, the veil fell aside, and Cherry stood before him.

Her face was quite pale. Her eyes usually downcast, frightened, or coldly clear, were bright and beautiful with excitement. The dimples were faintly there, although the smile was sad and half hysterical. She remained standing, erect and tall, her arms dropped at her side, holding the veil and shawl that still depended from her shoulders.

"So—I've caught you!" she said, with a strange little laugh. "Oh! yes. Please don't go away yet. I'll get the key in a moment," she continued, mimicking his recent utterance.

He could only stammer, "Miss Brooks—then it was *you!*"

"Yes; and you thought it was *she*, didn't you? Well, and you're caught! I didn't believe it; I wouldn't believe it when they said it. I determined to find out myself. And I have, and it's true."

Unable to determine whether she was serious or jesting, and conscious only of his delight at seeing her again, he advanced impulsively. But her expression instantly changed; she became at once stiff and school-girlish formal, and stepped back towards the door.

"Don't come near me, or I'll go," she said quickly, with her hand upon the lock.

"But not before you tell me what you mean," he said, half laughingly, half earnestly. "Who is *she*? and what wouldn't you have believed? For upon my honor, Miss Brooks, I don't know what you are talking about."

His evident frankness and truthful manner appeared to puzzle her. "You mean to say you were expecting no one?" she said sharply.

"I assure you, I was not."

"And—and no woman was ever here—at that door?"

He hesitated. "Not to-night—not for a long time; not since you returned from Oakland."

"Then there *was* one?"

"I believe so."

"You *believe*—you don't *know*?"

"I believed it was a woman from her voice; for the door was locked, and the key was down stairs. When I fetched it, and opened the door, she—or whoever it was—was gone."

"And that's why you said so imploringly, just now, 'Please don't go away yet?' You see, I've caught you. Ah! I don't wonder you blush!"

If he had, his cheeks had caught fire from her brilliant eyes and the extravagantly affected sternness—as of a school-girl monitor—in her animated face. Certainly, he had never seen such a transformation.

"Yes; but, you see, I wanted to know who the intruder was," he said, smiling at his own embarrassment.

"You did—well, perhaps that will tell you? It was found under your door before I went away." She suddenly produced from her pocket a folded paper, and handed it to him. It was a misspelt scrawl, and ran as follows:

"Why are you so cruel? Why do you keep me dansing on the stepps before them guris at the windows? Was it that stuck-up Saint, Miss Brooks, that you were afraid of, my deer? O you faithless trater! Wait till I ketch you! I'll tear your eyes out and heral!"

It did not require great penetration for Herbert to be instantly convinced that the writer of this vulgar epistle and the owner of the unknown voice were two very different individuals. The note was evidently a trick. A suspicion of its perpetrators flashed upon him.

"Whoever the woman was, it was not she who wrote the note," he said, positively. "Somebody must have seen her at the door, I remember now that those girls—your neighbors—were watching me from their window when I came out. Depend upon it, that letter comes from them."

Cherry's eyes opened widely with a sudden, child-like perception, and then shyly dropped. "Yes," she said slowly; "they did watch you. They know it, for it was they who made it the talk of the neighborhood, and that's how it came to mother's ears." She stopped, and, with a frightened look, stepped back towards the door again.

"Then that was why your mother—"

"Oh, yes," interrupted Cherry, quickly. "That was why I went over to Oakland, and why my mother forbade my walking with you again, and why she had a talk with friends about your conduct, and why she came near telling Mr. Carstone all about it until I stopped her." She checked herself—he could hardly believe his eyes—the pale, nun-like girl was absolutely blushing.

"I thank you, Miss Brooks," he said gravely, "for your thoughtfulness, although I hope I could have still proven my innocence to Mr. Carstone, even if some unknown woman tried my door by mistake, and was seen doing it. But I am pained to think that you could have believed me capable of so wanton and absurd an impropriety—and such a gross disrespect to your mother's house."

"But," said Cherry, "with childlike naiveti, "you know you don't think anything of such things, and that's what I told mother."

"You told your mother that?"

"Oh, yes—I told her Tappington says it's quite common with young men. Please don't laugh—for its very dreadful. Tappington didn't laugh when he told it to me as a warning. He was shocked."

"But my dear Miss Brooks—"

"There—now you're angry—and that's as bad. Are you sure you didn't know that woman?"

"Positive!"

"Yet you seemed very anxious just now that she should wait till you opened the door."

"That was perfectly natural."

"I don't think it was natural at all."

"But—according to Tappington—"

"Because my brother is very good you need not make fun of him."

"I assure you I have no such intention. But what more can I say? I give you my word that I don't know who that unlucky woman was. No doubt she may have been some near-sighted neighbor who had mistaken the house, and I dare say was as thoroughly astonished at my voice as I was at her's. Can I say more? Is it necessary for me to swear that since I have been here no woman has ever entered that door—but——"

"But whom?"

"Yourself."

"I know what you mean," she said hurriedly, with her old frightened look, gliding to the outer door. "Its shameful what I've done. But I only did it because—because—I had faith in you, and didn't believe what they said was true." She had already turned the lock. There were tears in her pretty eyes.

"Stop," said Herbert, gently. He walked slowly towards her, and within reach of her frightened figure stopped with the timid respect of a mature and genuine passion. "You must not be seen going out of that door," he said gravely. "You must let me go first, and when I am gone, lock the door again and go through the hall to your own room. No one must know that I was in the house when you came in that door. Good night.

Without offering his hand he lifted his eyes to her face. The dimples were all there—and something else. He bowed and passed out.

Ten minutes later he ostentatiously returned to the house by the front door, and proceeded up the stairs to his own room. As he cast a glance around he saw that the music stool had been moved before the fire, evidently with the view of attracting his attention. Lying upon it, carefully folded, was the veil she had worn. There could be no doubt that it was left there purposely. With a smile at this strange girl's last characteristic act of timid, but compromising, recklessness after all his precautions, he raised it tenderly to his lips and then hastened to hide it from the reach of vulgar eyes. But had Cherry known that its temporary resting place that night was under his pillow, she might have doubted his superior caution.

When he returned from the bank the next afternoon, Cherry rapped ostentatiously at his door. "Mother wishes me to ask you," she began with a certain prim formality, which, nevertheless, did not preclude dimples, "if you would give us the pleasure of your company at our church festival to-night? There will be a concert and a collation. You could accompany us there if you cared. Our friends and Tappington's would be so glad to see you, and Dr. Scott would be delighted to make your acquaintance."

"Certainly!" said Herbert, delighted, and yet astounded. "Then," he added, in a lower voice, "your mother no longer believes me so dreadfully culpable?"

"Oh! no," said Cherry in a hurried whisper, glancing up and down the passage, "I've been talking to her about it, and she is satisfied that it is all a jealous trick and slander of these neighbors. Why, I told her that they had even said that I was that mysterious woman; that I came that way to you because she had forbidden my seeing you openly."

"What! You dared say that?"

"Yes; don't you see? Suppose they said they had seen me coming in last night—that answers it," she said triumphantly.

"Oh! it does?" he said vacantly.

"Perfectly. So you see she's convinced that she ought to put you on the same footing as Tappington, before everybody; and then there won't be any trouble. You'll come, won't you? It won't be so very good, and then I've had another fight as there have been so many street fights and so much talk about the vigilance committee lately, I ought to have somebody for an escort when I was coming home. And, if you're known, you see, as one of us, there'll be no harm in your meeting me."

"Thank you," he said extending his hand gratefully.

Her fingers rested a moment in his. "Where did you put it?" she said demurely.

"It? Oh! it's all safe," he said quickly but somewhat vaguely.

"But I don't call the upper drawer of your bureau safe," she returned poutingly, "where everybody can go. So you'll find it now inside the harmonium, on the keyboard."

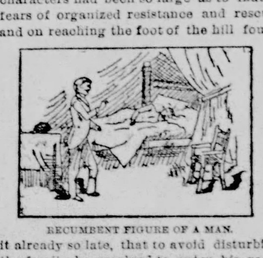
"Oh, thank you."

"It's quite natural to have left it there accidentally—isn't it?" she said imploringly, assisted by all her dimples. Alas! she had forgotten that he was still holding her hand. Consequently, she had not time to snatch it away and vanish with a stifled little cry, before it had been pressed two or three times to his lips. A little ashamed of his own boldness, Herbert remained for a few moments in the doorway listening, and looking uneasily down the dark passage. Presently a slight sound came over the fanlight of Cherry's room, and he believed his ears? The saintlike Cherry—no doubt tutored, for example's sake, by the perfect Tappington—was softly whistling.

In this simple fashion the first pages of this little idyl were quietly turned. The book might have been closed or laid aside even then. But it so chanced that Cherry was an unconscious prophet; and presently it actually became a prudential necessity for her to have a masculine escort when she walked out. For a growing state of lawlessness and crime culminated one day in the deep toesin of the vigilance committee, and at its stroke fifty thousand peaceful men, reverting to the first principles of social safety, sprang to arms, assembled at their quarters, or patrolled the streets. In another hour the city of San Francisco was in the hands of a mob—the most peaceful, orderly, well-organized and temperate the world had ever known, and yet in conception as lawless, autocratic, and imperious as the conditions it opposed.

CHAPTER IV.

HERBERT, enrolled in the same section with his employer and one or two fellow-clerks had participated in the meetings of the committee with the light-heartedness and irresponsibility of youth, regretting only the loss of his usual walk with Cherry, and the hours that kept him from her house. He was returning from a protracted meeting one night when the number of arrests and searching for proscribed and suspicious characters had been so large as to induce fears of organized resistance and rescue, and on reaching the foot of the hill found



RECUMBENT FIGURE OF A MAN.

it already so late, that to avoid disturbing the family he resolved to enter his room directly by the door in the side street. On inserting the key in the lock it met with some resisting obstacle, which, however, yielded, and apparently dropped on the mat inside. Opening the door and stepping into the perfectly dark apartment, he trod upon this object, which proved to be another key. The family must have procured it for their convenience during his absence, and after locking the door, had carelessly left it in the lock. It was lucky that it had yielded so readily.

The fire had gone out. He closed the door and lit the gas, and after taking off his overcoat moved to the door leading into the passage to listen if anybody was still stirring. To his utter astonishment he found it locked. What was more remarkable—the key was also inside! An inexplicable feeling took possession of him. He glanced suddenly around the room, and then his eye fell upon the bed. Lying there, stretched at full length, was the recumbent figure of a man.

He was apparently in the profound sleep of utter exhaustion. The attitude of his limbs and the order of his dress—of which only his collar and cravat had been loosened—showed that sleep must have overtaken him most instantly. In fact, the bed was scarcely disturbed beyond the actual impress of the figure. He seemed to be a handsome, matured man of about forty; his dark, straight hair was a little tinged over the temples, although his long heavy mustache was still youthful and virgin. His clothes, which were elegantly cut and of finer material than that in ordinary use, the delicacy and neatness of his linen, the whiteness of his hands, and, more particularly, a certain dissipated color of complexion and lines of recklessness on the brow and cheek, indicated to Herbert that the man before him was one of that desperate and suspected class—some of whose proscribed members he had been hunting—the professional gambler!

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT SATURDAY.]

SPEAKING OF JUNE.

A Sweet June Day.

One hour of a sweet June day
Is worth the month of May,
And the soft twilight of the first June night
Is worth more of May than seems quite right.

A Dainty Craft.

Out on the ocean whose billows are roses,
While robins, blithe sailors, are piping their tunes,
Along down the sunbeams, while angels stand watching,
God launches from Heaven the fair ship of June.
—*William C. Sheppard.*

Shortest and Longest.

The longest day in June, they say;
The shortest in December.
They did not come to me that way;
The shortest I remember
You came a day with me to stay,
And filled my heart with laughter;
The longest day (you were away)
The very next day after.
—*George Birdseye.*

In June Time.

They walked down the meadow, one morning in summer,
Among the sweet scents of the withering hay,
And heard, in the woodland, the brown partridge drummer
Beat up his shy soldiers to drill for the day.

The song of a lark, far above them, was ringing;
It seemed that heaven's gate to the bird must be near,
While, like a refrain to the far-away singing,
The sound of the mother bird's talk they could hear.

They passed by the bars where the blossoming clover
Made bright the tall grass, lifting clusters of red
For the kiss of the sun, as a girl to her lover
Lifts up her pink cheek with her wishes unsaid.

"Did you hear what the south wind was telling the clover?"
He asked of the girl with the rosy-red cheek;
"It thinks it's discovered in me, dear, a lover
Who's something to tell you, and yet fears to speak.

"It said to the rose by the wall: 'See him trying
To hide from our eyes what he's thinking to-day,
Were we blind we would know all his thoughts by his sighing;
Speak out, foolish fellow; while sun shines make hay.'"

Her eyes fell, and pale grew the sweet briar rose
With envy to see the bright cheek he had kissed.
'Tis strange what the mystery of the first June night closes—
How eyes tell of love with no words to assist.

The winds, and the birds, and the brook fell to singing,
Because two young lives plighted troth in that kiss,
And down in their hearts was a gladder song ringing,
And lovers will learn what the tune of it is.
—*Vick's Magazine.*

SIX WELL-KNOWN NAMES.

Edmund Yates, who made in America the money that started the London *World*, nets from this paper about $30,000 a year.

Marion Crawford is thoroughly familiar with German, French and Italian, reads Latin, Greek, Sanscrit, Arabic and Persian, and has a bowing acquaintance with Turkish and Russian.

Mrs. Oliphant, the novelist, is 63 years old, and a hard worker, with no desire for newspaper fame, living with her two children near Windsor castle.

Mrs. Burnett's two boys are handsome lads, and were photographed as "The Princes in the Tower," and are known by that name now in Washington, and the pictures of little Lord Fauntleroy were taken from their photographs.

Goethe liked company at dinner. He usually had from one to three guests with him. He always had four courses, and sometimes more. He could dine well, and was not a dyspeptic wreck, though it is not so pleasant to know that he squabbled with the landlord over the items, and soon went to law with him.

Robert Louis Stevenson's wife is constructed on a similar plan to Lotta. She is very petite, with extremely small hands and feet, with which latter she is so well satisfied tha she once posed for a portrait to John S. Sargent in Paris, with these diminutive members uncovered as she lay on a lounge. She always dresses in black robes, falling loosely over a form never encased in corsets, and a wide white lace collar. She looks much younger than her daughter.

A Tough Baby.

The only pair of lungs that didn't make a noise when the train from Providence pulled out of the handsome depot at Brayton's Point yesterday morning, belonged to a baby. The mother placed the child in a seat and while she was arranging her bonnet the offspring took occasion to disappear through a window. Everybody bewailed the fate of that infant. Its parent laid down on the floor in a faint, passengers groaned and a brakeman with admirable presence of mind gave the bell cord a yank. The engine came to a standstill, and one of the hands walked back a couple of blocks. He found the baby sitting contentedly in a mud-puddle, taking in the scenery and playing with its feet. The mother was so overcome that she could not continue her journey.—*Providence Journal.*

Sweetly Frank.

Mr. Braneless—"Ah, me deah Mrs. Montanarich, allow me to thank you for the very kelnd invitation that brought me heah to-night. It was so very kelnd of you to remembah me, thanks, thanks."

Mrs. Montanarich—"Ha, Mr. Braneless, don't mention it; and excuse me for sending the invite around so late, but at the last minute, one of the other gents I'd asked sent word he couldn't come, and true we was in a nice pickle with the table all set, and dinner ordered for sixteen, and nobody to take Miss Skinner out. It's awfully lucky I thought of you, I think. Now, come and be introduced to Miss Skinner."—*Drake's Magazine.*

A Bourbon in a Thoughtful Mood.

A citizen of a neighboring county came to town, yesterday, and was seen standing on Broad street, studying the electric cars. He looked at them for awhile, thoughtfully, and didn't seem very enthusiastic. He appeared to be in a sort of reverie. At last I stepped up to him and asked: "Well, what do you think of it?" My new friend looked at me for a minute and replied slowly: "I was just thinking how the Yankees came down here and freed our niggers. Now the same blamed fellows have come down and freed our mules."—*Nashville American.*

Both Going to Dinner.

Business man—I had two urgent engagements to make to-day, one with an Englishman and one with an American.

Friend—Yes.

Business man—The Englishman told me he would meet me at 8 o'clock this evening, after he had dined, the hour for which was five o'clock.

Friend—And the American.

Business man—Oh, he said: "I'll meet you in ten minutes—as soon as I've had dinner."—*Chicago Globe.*

Foresight.

Tailor—How would you like your trousers, sir?

Joneson—Wide—very wide. I am going to play a part in amateur theatricals next week, and it's my first appearance on any stage, I expect my knees will shake considerably; so I want to give them plenty of room to work in, and, besides hide my weakness from the eyes of the audience.—*Harpers' Bazar.*

Our New Serial Story.

NELLIE'S MARRIAGE;

WAS IT A FAILURE?

BY MRS. E. M. DAVY,

Author of "Jack Dudley's Wife," "A Prince of Como," "Between Man and Wife," etc., etc. Now first published in America.

CHAPTER X.—I WON'T BELIEVE IT.

A CERTAIN allegory made a deep impression on me in my youth.

It treats of a pilgrim setting forth on a journey to win for himself a laurel wreath which hangs upon a golden cross. How the story might have ended, had he not actually seen the golden cross by day, and had it not been illumined by supernatural rays so that it shone all through the night, I will not pause to ask; but the constant vision being thus vouchsafed to him, his bleeding feet feel not the briars that beset his toilsome path; nor—his gaze being fixed on the glittering goal—can his course deviate. In travel-stained garments, with outstretched hands and wounded feet he struggles on, until at last he takes the wreath and crowns his brow.

To me, there seemed always something wanting to that allegory. When the man reached down the laurel crown, he should have experienced pain, weariness and grief, for the first time. He should have faltered, his hand trembling as he took the wreath, and said:—

"Have I travelled this weary way alone, and all for this—to crown myself?" And he should have looked back through all the travelled darkness, and seen naught but his own foot-prints; and around him only mist and vapors; and because he had the golden cross grown dim and the laurel wreath faded. Then, stretching forth his hands appealingly to the vast universe and finding himself alone, he should have cast himself down into the dust—and wept.

After the scene in court, I became unconscious, as I said; but, with returning reason, pictures of this allegory presented themselves before my imagination with great vividness and beauty.

Where I was I neither knew nor cared, but i began to identify myself with that pilgrim, and felt as though I were about to undertake some strange, but holy quest. Slowly and by degrees came the recollection of the fearful tragedy in which I had become involved, and when this fully dawned on me in all its horribly reality I was able to connect it with the allegory in my mind. Then I knew that it was time to rouse myself: there was one thing to live for—and one only. Henceforward every power of my being must be consecrated to the task of proving my husband's innocence.

Probably at this moment I made some movement, for I heard a voice—which seemed to detach itself from a buzz of voices, and was not all gether unknown to me—say:

"Poor soul! She's coming round. Go to her, doctor." He came, leaned over me and laid his fingers on my wrist; but I shook them off impatiently.

"Allow me," he said, still persevering.

"No," I answered, looking up into his face, "for you are—" I had to pause a moment to recall his name—"you are Dr. Leek, who believes him guilty."

"I assure you—"

"Oh, don't perjure yourself again!" I said, bitterly, "but if you have any human kindness leave me. Go! Lest I am tempted to twine my fingers about your throat, as you—For heaven's sake, go!"

I listened to his retreating footsteps, then, looking about me, saw that I was lying on a couch in my sitting room at Charing Cross Hotel.

"Who is there?" I asked, raising myself to a sitting posture, but feeling very weak.

Two persons came promptly forward.

"Its me, ma dear mistress," cried Griffiths, dropping on her knees and clasping one of my hands, while she looked at me with streaming eyes.

At the same moment the tall figure of the American stood beside the kneeling one of my old nurse.

"Mrs. Lorraine, you've not forgotten me, I reckon," said he, "nor have I forgotten the promise I made to see you through this tangle."

"Is that doctor gone?" I asked suspiciously, turning to Griffiths.

"Aye, honey, but ye mun tak' a sup o' his stuff; he tawd me it wad gi' ye strength."

I drank eagerly from the glass held to my lips. Anything—anything to recover my physical force, for without it I should be weak indeed.

"Now let me here you say you believe my husband innocent of this hideous charge?" I included both in the question, but looked at Griffiths first.

"Aye, mistress," she answered simply and solemnly.

"That's so," said the major, readily. "But you see you can't make the world believe it unless you prove it, and that will take both time and dollars."

"I have both."

"And so have I" he answered dryly, "and mean to use them, too. But, lest you should feel any qualms about accepting assistance from a stranger, I guess I'd best tell you something I discovered in that there court-house. You are one of the Blakes of Northshire. This good woman says your mother was a Musgrave. She was my sister; consequently, I'm your uncle, who's thereby got the right to enact the *deus ex machina* of the fable. It's kind of curious how old families die out," he said musingly, then continued, with his usual manner: "Well! I reckon you've plenty to think of now, without listening to a long yarn from me; I'll cut it short. I ran away to America when a lad of fourteen, bent on a life of adventure—and I got it. I only wrote home once, and that was to say 'I'm dead,' and I guess after a while they believed it. When the war broke out, I volunteered, did some smart fighting, and might have been a colonel now, but colonels got to be kind of chestnuts in the states: [hereupon I concluded to stop at major. Next I made my pile, as all good Americans do, and this is my first visit to the old country since I quitted it. I meant to search up the family when I'd seen around a bit. That's so. But now to your affairs, niece, and to consider what's best to be done to pull your husband through. I'll engage the first counsel in the land. That must be done this night. We'll prove an *alibi* as sure as sure; I have it all in train. Why on earth he did not do it I'm at a loss to guess, unless he's lost his head. I'm just now awaiting further news from Oldcastle, and if it doesn't arrive in an hour, I'll make tracks there myself."

He picked up Bradshaw, and, after studying its pages, remarked coolly:

"Anything I can do for you before I start?"

"Procure me the papers containing the fullest account of——"

"O mistress, mistress, spare yourself!" cried Griffiths.

"You shall have those papers," said my uncle, firmly.

"Also, it will be necessary to have the address of George Waldy. I must see him—"

"Nay," he said, speaking with the greatest kindness, "that would only pain you, and do no good."

"Uncle, for pity's sake, don't thwart me. Listen!" I cried, standing up before him, the better to enforce my words. "As I lay there—on that couch—I determined what to do, and nothing shall turn me from that resolve. Every instant of time this terrible stigma continues to rest on Philip's name cries shame to me that I don't clear it. He can't. I will. There is some mystery—God alone knows what! But I have made this vow: I will not see my husband's face again until his dear name is cleared. His sensitive nature shrank from my knowing of this hideous accusation. He expected truth to prevail, so that I—his wife—need never hear of it. But Fate ruled otherwise. Fate has been both cruel and kind; cruel to have afflicted him so sorely, but kind in revealing to me that he would have died rather than I should know. I am groping in darkness now towards the light. But I shall reach it—soon. Dear, dear uncle, do aid me in my own way. You will procure me George Waldy's address?"

"I've got it. Here it is. Great Cæsar. A woman like you must have her way. The young man met me coming out of court. He's true grit, he is. He said he pitied you, and if he could do or say anything to comfort you he would."

"Telegram," said a waiter, entering at that moment. The major took it, his countenance beaming with satisfaction, and tore off the cover; but as he read, his expression changed rapidly; he looked more and more troubled. "Any reply?" inquired the waiter, when he had finished. "None. You can go." Then he turned to me:

"Tell you, my dear, what I've done. On quitting the court I wired the head clerk at the Oldcastle office to know at what hour the telegram was handed in on the night of 25th. We know when it was sent out, that's not the point. When was it handed in, and by whom, is what we must get at. Here's the reply received a good half hour ago. When you've read that you shall see this other."

He gave the paper into my hand, and watched me while I read as follows:

"Telegram referred to was handed in at our office by messenger from County Hotel at 9:45 p. m. on the 25th inst., and was despatched immediately."

"Stay," he said grimly, laying his hand impressively upon my arm. "Don't exult too soon—as I did. Before reading the other, listen here. I wired this to the manager of County Hotel: 'Can you inform me if Mr. Philip Lorraine passed the night of 25th at your hotel? Any particulars of his movements on said night and following days will oblige. Answer pre-paid.' Now read this reply, just received. Only, first, I warn you, niece, summon all the fortitude you've got."

Thus prepared, I took the paper, and read these fateful words:

"Mr. Philip Lorraine did not pass the night of 25th at County Hotel. He went south by 4 p. m. express, returning following morning, and left hotel finally early on 27th, after paying his account."

As the terrible import of these words revealed itself, a slight giddiness seized me, but it passed off quickly.

"Cheer up, my dear," said my uncle, pressing my hand encouragingly. "I'm off now to seek legal advice. Just you read up the case while I'm gone. Black as it looks, if he's innocent, we'll save him. Remember, one reverse doesn't spell defeat."

"If he is innocent!" God! how these words rang in my ears.

It was the time, then, that Philip had traveled by that fatal train. It was equally true, alas! that he had endeavored to conceal the fact. This was what lent the worst aspect to the case, and no doubt would go far, in the minds of many people, towards establishing his guilt.

The newspapers my u

Recent Literature.

NEW AND INTERESTING VOLUMES.

The Geography of Marriage—The Crusade of Richard I.—Knickerbocker Nuggets—The Beginnings of New England Theocracy—Indoor Studies—Pamphlets—Literary Notes.

"The Geography of Marriage or Legal Perplexities of Wedlock in the United States," by William L. Snyder, is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. The author calls attention to the recent and growing discussion upon the subject of marriage which is absorbing more and more of the attention of the public, and constantly increasing in earnestness. The laws are contradictory and conflicting upon the subject, the most extreme theories being practiced in the United States. He discusses the questions of who may and who may not lawfully marry, devoting several chapters to their various phases, consequences, etc.; talks about divorces for various causes; what constitues a legal marriage; and finally proceeds to a remedy for existing evils, which he believes to lie in an amendment to the Constitution limiting the powers of the states, and causing a concert of action such as cannot now exist. The volume is an interesting one, and worth studying for the facts it contains and the suggestions it makes.

G. P. Putnam's Sons issue in the series of English History by Contemporary Writers, "The Crusade of Richard I," it being the fifth volume. The extracts were selected and arranged by T. A. Archer, B. A., who has brought to bear most excellent judgment in his choice. He has chosen first from the authors who for the most part were in Palestine when the events they described took place; second, from those who were not there at that time; third, those of the next generation who lived in Syria and could pick up living tradition regarding the Crusade, and fourth, those of the next generation who were not in the Holy Land. As may be seen a large variety of opinions are presented. The aim seems to be to bring the reader the best original authorities, so that he may feel close to the times which he is reading about. There volumes are illustrated in the spirit of the text, and give monuments, documents, sites, etc. A short account is also given of the writers quoted, and a glossary when needed.

In the "Knickerbocker Nuggets," also from the Putnams, is "Wit and Wisdom," by Sydney Smith; and "Essays of De Quincey," both of which cannot fail to be welcome to the lovers of these masters of literary art. The latter includes those celebrated ones about "Murder Considered as a Fine Art," and "Three Memorable Murders," a sequel to the former. The former contains the sayings upon many subjects of this witty and vigorous writer.

A very attractive volume is that issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, entitled "The Beginnings of New England or the Puritan Theocracy in Its Relations to Civil and Religious Liberty" by John Fiske. It contains the substance of the lectures given at Washington University, St. Louis, in 1887, which have since been repeated in many other places and received with interest. The object of Prof. Fiske, he says, was to give an outline of such a narrative as would indicate the principles at work in the history of New England down to the revolution of 1789. He attempts, while acknowledging the faults of the Puritan theocracy, to distinguish and define the elements of wholesome strength in that theocracy as well. The work is written carefully and philosophically and gives a clear idea of what two centuries ago was only beginning "to be dimly discerned by a few of the keenest and boldest of spirits." It is a valuable work.

"Indoor Studies," by John Burroughs, author of "Wake-Robin," "Birds and Poets," "Fresh Fields," etc., is issued by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., and a very pretty, readable little volume it is. The "studies" are upon the following subjects: "Henry D. Thoreau;" "Science and Literature;" "Science and the Poets;" "Matthew Arnold's Criticism;" "Arnold's View of Emerson and Carlyle;" "Gilbert White's Book;" "A Malformed Giant;" and brief essays upon various subjects, which are exceedingly bright and chatty, the whole winding up with "An Egotistical Chapter." The latter is an exceedingly amusing but gracefully written account of the author's first start in literary life, and the influences that shaped his work. The book is well worth reading.

In the Riverside Series for young folks, issued by the same publishers, come "Birds Through an Opera Glass," by Florenu A. Merriam, a chatty, entertaining little volume about birds, which will reward older people than the book is designed for for a reading.

Another volume of the same series is "Up and Down the Brooks," by Mary C. Bamford, and full of interest regarding water insects and bugs it is. Strange, indeed, are the facts that these little creatures developed by careful observation. These little volumes are well illustrated, and are a mine of wealth for the young.

From Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, comes in the Globe Library a novel entitled "Three Years," by Josephine, Countess Schwerin, a very pretty story it is.

In the Citizen Series from the same publisher is "Merze; The Story of an Actress," by Marah Ellis Ryan.

The June number of *The Andover Review* has the following in its table of contents: "The Gospel Miracle and Historical Science." "Jesuit Ethics." "Religious Instruction in the Public Schools." "A Christian Critique of Socialism." "What More Can Be Done in the Cause of Temperance?" and others. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The Illustrated Magazine for June is attractive and interesting, as that monthly always is. The serials are continued, holding the readers, and there are other excellent articles, several of them finely illustrated. Published by Macmillan & Co., 112 Fourth avenue, New York City.

The July number of *The Quiver* has the following: "Some of the Most Famous Spires," "A Lilliputian Community," "The English Language," "Waiters for Sorrow," "La Marguerite," and others with the serials. Cassell & Co., 104 Fourth avenue, New York City.

Literary Notes.

Lady Colin Campbell has written a novel dealing with political and journalistic life in London.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has written out her anti-slavery reminiscences for the *Cosmopolitan*.

Edna Lyall's story of "Derrick Vaughan, Novelist," is published in Lovell's International Series.

An early number of the *Atlantic* will contain a poem by James Russell Lowell, entitled "How I Consulted the Oracles of the Goldfishes."

Charles G. Leland, who has been very ill in Florence, is recovering, and is making a series of hand-books of the minor arts and industries.

Estes & Laurint, Boston, are to be the American publishers of the annual photogravure record of the Paris Salon, whose text will this year be Englished.

Charles Scribners' Sons will publish soon Robert Louis Stevenson's new story, written in co operation with his stepson, Lloyd Osbourne, entitled "The Wrong Box."

A volume of essays on George Meredith as novelist and poet is coming out in London. Mr. Le Gallienne is the author. A bibliography of Meredith's writings will be attached to the book.

Some relics of the Bronte family have been carefully collected by a gentleman of Keighley, England, and it is proposed that the town authorities acquire them for permanent exhibition.

Mary E. Wilkins will contribute a story called "A Village Singer" to the number of *Harper's Bazar* to be published June 21. In same number Olive Thorne Miller will have an article entitled "In Search of the Blue Jay."

Lady Randolph Churchill contributes to the June number of the *New Review* (Longman's, Green & Co.) notes of travel called "A Month in Russia," and another American, Mr. Henry James, supplies an article entitled "After the Play."

M. Taine has been visiting London and Oxford. In spite of his important writings on English topics M. Taine has lived for only short periods in England. Except for a brief visit made a few years ago for some domestic purpose, it is about 25 years since his last visit.

Mr. Bellamy's book, "Looking Backward," is one of the notable successes of the past year. Its sale continues to be prodigious, and a German translation will soon be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The reduction to practice of the lessons implied in Mr. Bellamy's imagining has not yet been observed in spite of the associations formed to accomplish it.

Frederick Remington, the artist, who has several times shown his ability to write an interesting magazine paper as well as to illustrate one, will describe the Apaches and the Comanches in an article entitled, "On the Indian Reservations," in the July *Century*. Among the dozen illustrations is a striking full-page picture of an Indian horse race, "Coming over the Scratch," seemingly sketched from just in front of the horses' heads.

WHY WE ARE RIGHT-HANDED.

Protecting the Most Exposed and Vulnerable Part of Our Bodies.

Primitive man, being by nature a fighting animal, says the *Cornhill Magazine*, fought for the most part at first with his great canine teeth, his nails, and his fists; till in process of time he added to those early and natural weapons the further persuasions of a club or shillelagh. He also fought, as Darwin has very conclusively shown in the man, for the possession of the ladies of his kind, against other members of his own sex and species. And if you fight you soon learn to protect the most exposed and vulnerable portion of your body. Or if you don't, natural selection manages it for you, by killing you off as an immediate consequence.

To the boxer, wrestler, or hand-to hand combatant that most vulnerable portion is undoubtedly the heart. A hard blow, well delivered on the left breast, will easily kill, or at any rate stun, even a very strong man. Hence, from a very early period men have used the right hand to fight with, and have employed the left arm chiefly to cover the heart and to parry a blow aimed at that specially vulnerable region. And when weapons of offense and defense supersede mere fists and teeth, it is the right hand that grasps the spear or sword, while the left holds over the heart for defense the shield or buckler.

From this simple origin, then, the whole vast difference of right and left in civilized life takes its beginning. At first, no doubt, the superiority of the right hand was only felt in the manner of fighting. But that alone gave it a distinct pull and paved the way at last for its supremacy elsewhere. For when weapons came into use the habitual employment of the right hand to grasp the spear, sword or knife made the nerves or muscles of the right side far more obedient to the control of the will than those of the left. The dexterity thus acquired by the right—see how the word "dexterity" implies this fact—made it more natural for the early hunter and artificer to employ the same hand preferentially in the manufacture of flint hatchets, bows and arrows and all the other manifold activities of savage life. It was that hand with which he grasped the weapon; it was, therefore, the hand with which he chipped it. To the very end, however, the right hand remains especially "the hand in which you hold your knife," and that is exactly how our own children to this day decide the question which is which when they begin to know their right hand from their left for practical purposes.

THE SUMMER PICNIC—BEFORE AND AFTER TAKING.

O, joyous, gladsome picnic morn!
How cool the air, the skies how bright
A thousand mental joys are born
To fill the heart with wild delight.
The incense from the re-gowned hills,
The babble of the woodland rills,
The wild bird's song which grandly trills
And all the forest arches fills;
The gentle whisper of the trees,
The drowsy hum of honey bees;
A scene designed the gods to please,
A dream of happiness and ease,
That all our being thrills.

O, weary, dreadful picnic night!
I almost wish that I were dead,
I'm looking like a perfect fright,
And filled with aches from feet to head.
It's ruined incessantly since morn,
My clothes are wet and stained and torn,
I'm feeling miserably forlorn,
I can't now think why I was born.
The woods were full of beggar's lice,
We drank rain-water without choice;
And dinners full of ants aren't nice;
Hereafter a picnic device
Will catch me—in a horn.
—*Omaha World.*

MARK TWAIN'S DROLLERIES.

Anecdotes Showing That His Humor Is Not Confined to His Writings.

Mark Twain at home is not more serious than his writings would lead one to expect. He has always been fond of perpetrating jokes for which his wife has only of late years, through practical education, been able to prepare herself.

When, for instance, Mr. Clemens, on the lecture platform, once drew out a dilapidated handkerchief, worn to shreds, and after gazing at it in an astonished fashion, apologized, saying that he had been "obliged to borrow one from Mr. ——," naming some important personage of the town, his wife, sitting with a friend in the audience, has turned to her neighbor in the most distressed way and said:

"People will think I do not properly take care of my husband's clothes."

It is true that Mr. Clemens has no tendency toward dudishness, and that he sometimes appears in a costume more befitting a poor artisan than a public functionaire; but everybody to his taste! He is careless and absent-minded, and sometimes forgets some of the requirements of the age for the embellishment of mankind.

At any rate, he is said to have called upon Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe without a necktie one day after her return from the South. When he came back from his visit he hurried in with a wild yell that how their neighbor had withstood the journey and of the present condition of her health. But he was stopped in the midst of his story by the horrified look in his wife's face.

"You don't mean to say that you have been to see Mrs. Stowe?" said she. "Why, you haven't got on any necktie."

He jumped to his feet, clapped at his carelessness and rushed up stairs, apparently to remedy the defect in his toilet. When he came back, some time later, he laughingly tossed his wife a letter and a necktie.

It seems that Mr. Clemens had written to Mrs. Stowe in his own inimitable fashion that as he had found he had committed the unpardonable crime of calling on her without a necktie he now sent her one, hoping to mitigate the sentence which she would pass upon him for his carelessness. The note which he handed his wife was a clever reply which Mrs. Stowe had sent back with the necktie.

Seventy-two Millionaires.

A correspondent has discovered that there are 72 men in the United States whose combined wealth equals the national debt:

Weston Dobson	$6,000,000
E. B. Coxe	20,000,000
L. Z. Leiter	10,000,000
L. P. Morton	10,000,000
Candwell Cole	6,000,000
A. M. Cannon	5,000,000
E. W. Palmer	6,000,000
A. J. Drexel	20,000,000
Claus Spreckles	20,000,000
Philip Armour	25,000,000
J. J. Hill	15,000,000
John B. Blair	10,000,000
Robert Bonner	6,000,000
James McMillan	10,000,000
J. J. Astor	100,000,000
W. M. Astor	100,000,000
C. P. Huntington	40,000,000
Montgomery Sears	12,000,000
George M. Pullman	5,000,000
B. P. Hutchinson	8,000,000
George Gaines	5,000,000
Russell A. Alger	5,000,000
John P. Jones	15,000,000
Marshall Field	15,000,000
John D. Rockefeller	60,000,000
H. A. Flagler	15,000,000
John J. Jenkins	5,000,000
Cornelius Vanderbilt	110,000,000
William K. Vanderbilt	85,000,000
F. W. Vanderbilt	16,000,000
George W. Vanderbilt	15,000,000
Jay Gould	75,000,000
P. T. Barnum	5,000,000
John T. Davis	15,000,000
Charles McClure	5,000,000
W. H. English	5,000,000
Andrew Carnegie	40,000,000
D. W. Bishop	15,000,000
George W. Westinghouse	20,000,000
W. D. Sloane	18,000,000
George Lauder	10,000,000
G. G. Haven	12,000,000
George S. Crocker	12,000,000
H. Bradford	10,000,000
Anson P. Stokes	8,000,000
Brayton Ives	5,000,000
J. W. Mackay	30,000,000
James G. Fair	20,000,000
Leland Stanford	40,000,000
Charles Prati	6,000,000
Samuel A. Scott	10,000,000
George W. Childs	15,000,000
D. W. Bruce	12,000,000
John Wanamaker	15,000,000
Warner Miller	8,000,000
W. H. Windom	5,000,000
Sidney Dillon	15,000,000
David Sinton	20,000,000
John Hay	5,000,000
J. R. Wade	5,000,000
Arthur Pue Gorman	6,000,000

—*Globe Democrat.*

The first attempt to manufacture plus in this country was made soon after the war of 1812.

A WISE EXPEDIENT.
Judge.

MAUD—"So you are going to marry your father's cashier?"
ISABELLA—"Yes. Pa says that if he runs away with the bank's funds, the money will still be in the family."

AFTER SUPPER CHAT.

Proud Father—Goin' ter start a church and Sunday school, are yer? Well, I've got two mighty good boys wot'll do for yer Bible class. They never told a lie in their lives—here they come now. Boys, where did yer git that fowl?" The good boys—Stoled it.

Proud Father—See, parson! A lie couldn't live in them boys' mouths."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Many cotton gowns have a broad edge of lace fitted into the arm's eye so that it will simulate a zouave jacket. Deep caps of lace are also arranged to fall over the top of the sleeve. Loops of ribbon falling from the wide frill of lace at the neck and reaching to the waist-band give a very jaunty finish to the most matter-of fact bodice.

"Miss Johnson, do you play the piano?" "No, George." "Do you embroider?" "No, George." "Do you decorate china?" "No, George." "Do you put your hair up in curl papers?" "No, George." "Miss Johnson, do you object to marrying me?" "No, George."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

Some of the skirts are finished at the bottom by a broad band of velvet or ribbon. The net is then turned up over the trimming, forming a hem, and in this way protecting the velvet from constant wear. This is the French fashion, which our *modistes* are gradually adopting.

Girls who aspire to lift their inexpensive challie gown above the commonplace must use with a prodigal hand the daintiest laces and ribbons. So treated, the modest material will rise to the fascination of the loveliest of lovely garden gowns.

"Doctor, if people see us together, aren't they likely—could they, do you think—believe that we are—well, engaged?" "My dear young woman, what difference would that make so long as we know we are not?"—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

Yeast—"How did you like Miss Howland's singing?" Crimsonbeak—"Oh, I thought it very disappointing, indeed." "How so?" "Well, she sang 'I am going far away, far away to leave you now,' but she didn't go."

Jones—"Have you noticed the new styles of tan slipper?" Brown—"Yes, I've noticed them; but the style is not new. My mother had a pair of tan slippers when I was a mere boy, which I warmly remember"—*Omaha World.*

"But if you don't love him, Clara, why are you going to marry him?" "Because he dared me to, mamma. He knew my high-spirited nature, too. Oh, I'll make him sorry enough for it—don't you be afraid."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mrs. Todd Lattie, of Bronson, Mich., was totally blind for fifteen years. The other day her sight suddenly suddenly came back. The first person she saw was her daughter, and her first remark was, "My! how you've grown!"

Sewing circles down in Maine mean something. One at Somesville, Mount Desert, has bought an organ for the church, provided a hearse, built sidewalks and raised $500 to put an iron fence around the cemetery.

Smith—"Jones is a magnificently developed man, isn't he? Do you know his bust measure?" Robinson—"No, but I think it is about ten bottles."—*Burlington Free Press.*

She—"You provoke me so that I know I shall lose my wits some day!" He—"If you do, I'll advertise for 'em as of no use save to the owner, like private papers."—*Drake's Magazine.*

Mrs. Magnus—"I think travel broadens one; don't you think so, Mrs. Lofty?" Mrs. Lofty—"Oh, ha! yes. Why, I gain ten or fifteen pounds every time I go to Yurrup."—*Troy Times.*

"DITTO."

A Girl Who Got the Best of a Traveler.

There were three or four unoccupied seats in the car, but he stood for a moment, grip in hand, near the door, and then walked to a seat, in which a young lady sat alone and sat down beside her with an impudence that astounded all other passengers. The girl looked up at him and around the car, and evidently realized the situation, for she took pencil and tablet from her reticule and made ready for him. After about five minutes the man turned to her and observed:

"Beg pardon if I am mistaken, but don't you live at Utica?"

She looked up in a furtive way, and then wrote on the tablet and handed him:

"I am deaf and dumb."

"Ah! By George!" he sighed as he read it; "that's too, too bad! Deuced pretty girl to have such a misfortune. Well, I'm left, after all my smartness. Saw her at the window before I got on, and carried out the plan to a dot. Deaf and dumb, eh? First one I ever struck!"

He nodded his head to her to signify that he understood, and he would have been glad to change seats if he could have done so without loss of dignity. As the train thundered on he perused the contents of a couple of newspapers, yawned awhile, and then bought and finished a novel; and finally, after a ride of four mortal hours, the whistle blew, and he reached for his grip with the remark:

"I'll be hanged if I ain't glad this stupid ride has come to an end at last."

"Ditto!" quietly replied the girl, as she turned on him.

"You—you——!" he gasped, as he stood there looking down upon her with twelve kinds of emotion galloping over his countenance.

"Good-by," she said, and he backed out and dropped to the platform like a man retreating from a mule's hind legs.

—What you need is a medicine which is pure, efficient, reliable. Such is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It possesses peculiar curative powers.

Just One More Kiss.

A pious old citizen of Carrolton went to the cars the other day to see his daughter off. Securing her a seat he passed out of the car and went around to the car window to say a parting word. While he was passing out the daughter left the seat to a friend, and at the same time a grim old maid took took the seat and moved up to the window. Unaware of the important change he hurriedly put his head up to the window and said: "One more sweet kiss, pet." In another instant the point of a cotton umbrella was thrust from the window, followed by the wrathful injunction, "Seat, you gray-headed wretch!" He seated.—*Neuman (Ga.) Herald.*

She Knew One When She Saw It.

The following is related as an actual occurrence during the presentation of "Virginius" by the amateurs of Macon.

Those who have seen the play will doubtless remember the scene where the ashes of Virginia, who has been killed by her father, after which the body was cremated, are brought on the stage in an urn. A young lady in the audience turned to her escort with the remark: "That's a crematory."

"No," said he, "you are mistaken, that is not a crematory."

"Well, I say it is," she remarked; "I guess I know a crematory when I see one."

The curtain drops.—*American (Ga.) Recorder.*

Personal Comeliness

Is greatly enhanced by a fine set of teeth. On the other hand, nothing so detracts from the effect of pleasing features, fine eyes and a graceful figure, as yellow teeth. That popular toilet article SOZODONT checks their decay, and renders them as white as snow.

OUR FIGHTING STRENGTH.

Poohpoohed by a Britisher—Some of His Reasons.

You have recently drawn much attention to the attempts which the Americans are making to develop a powerful navy, and you have hinted that in a few years an addition may be made to the great potential fighting states of the world. I have passed a good many years in America, and from what I have seen there I have come to the conclusion that you, in company with most Englishmen, entertain much too high an opinion of the possible offensive power of the United States.

Now for one improvised cruiser that the Americans could put on the ocean or the lakes, it is certain that we could put at least 20, and better ones at that. Their "cruisers" would be simply cargo steamers armed and manned anyhow, just as they were during their civil war. The army of 300,000 to 500,000 would be composed of our old friends the "men with muskets," totally "unamenable to discipline," to whom plenty of good excuses for mutiny would be supplied by the army contractors.

The overgrown republic is always, from differing and jarring interests, naturally disposed to split into two and quarrel, and the "shaking up" which a foreign war would give its rather crazy institutions would be an excellent opportunity for malcontent states to "get loose" from one another. The vast Southern and Western *elevant* seceding states have not forgotten what followed the war, or the fact that they have been bled ever since for the benefit of the Northern capitalists and manufacturers who conquered, plundered and trod them down. Then there is the large and increasing negro population, who feel that the end is not yet, and live in alarm and uncertainty, dreading the final issue, perhaps re-enslavement, perhaps massacre and deportation; anything in such a country and such conditions being on the cards. Again, the agricultural population, two-thirds at least of whom are foreigners from every nation in Europe—Germans preponderating—would not admire being conscripted to fight the English in order to please the politicians and oblige their Irish patrons.

Then the Indians (re-enforced by considerable numbers of half breeds and "Indian white men" who have married squaws and become affiliated with the tribes or adopted into them) would be very likely—they are all well armed with repeating weapons—to take to the war path, having been mercilessly cheated and swindled for the past thirty years or so, in violation of the most solemn treaties. Some people maintain that the cowboys—who, as Gen. Sheridan remarked: "fight pretty well when they are drunk," and are regular nomads, as averse to delpiting a kind of Bedouin—would hold the Indians in check; but this is doubtful. The interests both of cowboys and Indians are identical, as are their pursuits. Both hate the "grangers," or agricultural squatters, who continually pour in from the Eastern states, encroach upon and break up cattle runs and reservations, and are a growing danger and nuisance both to red men and cattle owners. A big foreign war would leave the latter a free hand, and the grangers might possibly —as they say in Texas—"hear something drop."

The numerous socialists and anarchists of the great cities might want looking after during the war, but the great labor associations might probably take the opportunity to put themselves aggressively in evidence. Finally, if defeated, humiliated and discredited by a foreign power, especially if that power were Great Britain, it is all but certain that the republic might disappear.—*St. James Gazette.*

FUN IN A SWIMMING BATH.

The German Professor Who Threw His Fair Pupil Into the Water.

A German keeps a swimming school for ladies in the upper part of this city, and enjoys the patronage of some of the most elegant as well as the loveliest girls in New York. He teaches these fair creatures to swim by suspending them in a belt at the end of a swinging pole, and making them count the movements of the arms and limbs. After the scholar has learned to swim a theta afloat with a life preserver, and later on starts them off without any support. After they can swim fairly well he teaches them to dive from a board which projects over the bank. Being a quick-tempered man, this German gets very angry at an especially timid girl who refuses to obey him. The professor was trying to get a beautiful young lady to dive, but she could not get up courage enough to shoot forward when he gave the word, and after a long time of trembling and objection the teacher began to lose his temper. Toere the girl stood at the end of the board with her pink arms raised above her head, shapely feet pressed together and her skirt bobbing up and prettiship. She made a sweet picture, but every time the teacher shouted "Go!" she would say in a frightened voice, "Oh, I can't." Finally the German could not control himself, and walking up behind the girl he pushed her headlong into the tank. There was a cry, a flash of feet, a loud splash, and a general churning of the tank. No sooner had this happened than a big, broad-shouldered girl, who had been standing near by, came bounding toward the professor. She raised her fist and struck him a scientific clip on the side of the head, sprawling him off the board into the water. When he had recovered himself and got out of the water, he looked aghast at the girl who had struck him.

"You hussey!" he cried, "what for you half struck me?"

"For luck," came the answer in good masculine tones. "I've kept mighty quiet in your school for two weeks, but when you pushed that girl round like a bag of meal I had to declare myself. I'm a man."

That is the story exactly as it is being told at the New York Athletic Club, and it is entertaining whether true or not.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Way Out.

We have discovered a way out of the narrows; We want to say a great deal about Compound Oxygen, but there is not the space provided nor the time,
So we will trust to your sagacity to catch the saving suggestions embodied in the following:

JONESBORO, TENN., June 4, 1888.

About six years ago I had a number of hemorrhages, followed by fever, great exhaustion and nervous prostration, had but little appetite and was losing in weight hour by hour. Took Compound Oxygen. The hemorrhages ceased, appetite returned, slept well and general health became better than it had been for years. REV. C. A. DUNCAN.—*Pastor of Presbyterian church.*

COLUMBIA CITY, Ind., Mar. 19, 1888.

"It is about three years now since I used the treatment to such good purposes for catarrh, and I find it has not lost its value in the least." HENRY C. MCLALLEN.

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent free of charge, to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa.; or 120 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.

The Tendency to Ornament in Architecture.

House decoration is one of the specialties of modern civilization. The remarkable growth of Brooklyn is shown not only by the rapid occupation of the broad spaces of her territory even to the boundary line, by the multiplication of houses, the substantial brick and stone in constantly increasing proportion taking the place of the less permanent wood, but also in adornment of the interior of the homes of the people. Where plain bareness of walls once sufficed elaborate ornamentation is desired, and the like is true of all finishing and furnishing. This growing tendency both implies popular taste and promotes it. The result is not only to distribute money, to employ labor and encourage business, but at the same time to make domestic and social life more attractive.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the marvellous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the fact that this medicine actually accomplishes all that is claimed for it. Its real merit has won **Merit Wins** for Hood's Sarsaparilla a popularity and sale greater than that of any other blood purifier. It cures Scrofula, all Humors, Dyspepsia, etc. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

FAMILY ENTRIES AT $50 A HEAD.

A Methodist Raiser's Story of How He Got $1,800 in a Western Town.

The Rev. Mr. Crouch, missionary for the Brooklyn Methodist Church Extension Society, told the congregation of the Sumner Avenue Methodist Church in Brooklyn, the other evening, some of his experiences in raising money for debt-encumbered churches. Among others he related the following:

I had agreed to do what I could toward raising an $1,800 debt upon a small church in a Western village, and when I alighted at the depot on Saturday evening I was met by the pastor of the church, who pointed to a carriage near by and said the owner of it was waiting to take me home with him. I was also told that my entertainer was a wealthy farmer who had refused to give any more money toward raising the debt, saying that he had already done all he could. Because of his refusal several other prominent members of the church were also refused to contribute. When I got in the carriage the farmer told me plainly he knew that I was sent with him in order to persuade him to subscribe some more money, and that such an attempt would be useless, as he would not give another dollar. I argued and pleaded with him, but my efforts were in vain. The next morning public driving to church, after another effort to reach his pocket by persuasion without success, the conversation turned on the horse, which was jogging along before us.

"Nice horse," said I.

"Yes, very good animal. As good a beast as ever wore hide,' was the reply.

"'How old is the horse?'

"'About 18 years.'

"'How long have you had him?'

"'Fourteen years. I've worked the animal every day in the field, and he has taken the family to church regularly on Sunday for fourteen years.'

"'I suppose you wouldn't like to lose him.'

"'No, he's been a faithful horse so long that I shouldn't feel satisfied to lose him. Still, I could easily fill his place with a four-year-old in my possession. I've got a standing offer of $50 for the old horse.'

"As we drove up to the church it seemed to me that I had the key of the situation. I didn't say anything to the farmer, however. When I got into the pulpit I began my plea for $1,800 by telling the congregation all about the condition of affairs. I closed by relating the conversation about the horse, saying that I was satisfied that the farmer would spare the old horse, and telling the secretary to credit the farmer with $50 on the strength of selling the faithful animal. Instantly the farmer sprang to his feet and exclaimed:

"'I won't sell the horse, but you can put me down for $50.'

"He had no sooner resumed his seat than another man who was evidently waiting to follow the farmer's example exclaimed:

"'Put me down for $50. As my wife said she would give $50 whether I did or not, you may as well charge her with an equal amount.'

"The words were scarcely out of the speaker's mouth, when the farmer was on his feet again, saying:

"'I guess my wife is as good as his. Put $50 opposite her name on the book.'

"This stirred the other man up to such an extent that he was on his feet in a second, shouting:

"'Give my eldest daughter $50 worth of that stock——'

"'And my eldest daughter, too,' said the farmer. 'She's just as generous as his.'

"And so it went on for five minutes," continued the missionary, "while smiles rippled over the congregation. Each member of the two families was successively brought in until both men had given $270. The $1,800 was raised in less than an hour."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Young Doctors' Hard Luck.

"I can hardly imagine a more hopeless craft adrift on the sea of life," a veteran physician who reckons his years of practice by the score, said recently, "than a young man with a diploma, an office, a shingle and an ambition, but without a practice. Many a brilliant young graduate, who was a howling success at the clinic and in the dissecting room, has grown gray and old waiting and sighing for a chance invalid or two to whom he might minister. A decade must generally pass before a man can build up a remunerative practice. Five or six years often go without bringing in a sufficiency of fees to cover the expense of office rent and slender wash bill. The early years are discouraging and drive many young hopefuls into what appear to be more lucrative channels. The government offices at Washington are fairly overflooded with retired M. D.'s, most of whom are working for a mere song, whose melody, however, is more voluminous than the clink of the scattering dollars that were wont to jingle into their coffers while they were still practicing physicians. The young doctor assuredly traverses a hard road, but there are prizes to be won by him who pegs it out to the end.—*Philadelphia Record.*

South African Diamond Fields.

The value of South African diamond mines may be judged from the fact that out of Kimberley mine, from 1871 to 1885, about £20,000,000 worth of diamonds have been taken, while the gross value of the diamonds excavated from De Beers mine during the same period is not much under £9,000,000, representing one and one-half tons' weight of precious stones. The Bultfontein mine has yielded about £5,000,000, and the Dutoitspan about £6,000,000, while the annual output of diamonds from all the mines is now somewhere about 3,000,000 carats, equal in value to about £4,000,000.

An English Sparrow.

A Sunday-school paper published in Boston tells a pretty stiff story about an English sparrow. It is to the effect that a Boston small boy recently gave some sparrows a very hard cracker, on which they could make no impression. After picking at it in vain for awhile, one of the sparrows took the cracker in his bill, and flying with it to the horse-car track, carefully laid it on the rail. Then all the sparrows waited until a car came along and crushed it, when they flew to the spot in great glee and ate the pieces. Now, this story may be true; but if any Sunday-school boy should refuse to believe it, we hope he won't be disciplined for his incredulity.

FOR NERVOUS EXHAUSTION
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. H. C. McCoy, Algona, Ia., says: "I have used it in cases of dyspepsia, nervous exhaustion and wakefulness, with pleasant results. Also think it of great service in depressed condition of the system resulting from biliary derangement."

Roses and Lilies of Life.

What can we conceive of the first Eden which we might not yet win back, if we choose? It was a place full of flowers, we say. Well, the flowers are always striving to grow wherever we suffer them, and the fairer the closer. There may indeed have been a fall of flowers, as a fall of man, but assuredly creatures such as we are can now fancy nothing lovelier than roses and lilies which would grow for us side by side, leaf overlapping leaf, till the earth was white and red with them if we cared to have it so.—*Ruskin.*

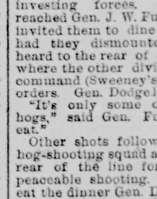
—Unless more care is given to the hair, the coming man is liable to be a hairless animal; hence, to prevent the hair from falling use Hall's Hair Renewer.

The Camp Fire.

(Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.)

THE BATTLE OF ATLANTA.

BY COMRADE J. EGAN, CO. C, TWELFTH WIS. V. I.



'WAS the twenty-second of July,
In eighteen-sixty-four,
That 'round the doomed Atlanta
Our cannon loud did roar.

Our drums did beat to arms,
And our bugles wildly blew;
The soldiers fixed their bayonets,
For the signal well they knew.

The rebels rapidly advanced,
And soon came full in view,
With musket, sabre and the lance,
Before our "Boys in Blue."

Still forward came the charging host,
Their courage well we knew;
We met them as the rocky coast
Meets the troubled ocean blue.

Our Sherman, brave was in command,
With lips compressed he stood;
And Logan boldly meeting there
The rushing charge of Hood.

Oh, what a charge! The crashing steel!
The yells that rent the air!
Let other pens describe the scene—
But your humble bard was there.

The baffled rebels did retreat,
And from the strife withdrew,
And, falling back, they left the field
To Sherman's "Boys in Blue."

And now, long life to Sherman,
And all his boys so true,
Who held aloft the stars and stripes,
And wore the suit of blue.

* * * * * * *

Yes, comrades, I have long been watching the "sparks" fly from the CAMP FIRE, and now venture to contribute some fuel in the shape of the above descriptive poem, and the following facts concerning the battle of Atlanta, in which I participated. I belonged to the brigade composed of the 12th and 16th Wis., and 30th and 31st Ill. We suffered terribly during the engagement, but we repulsed the confederates and held Bald Hill.

Nearly 25 years ago or, on July 22, 1864, a picnic dinner on the southeastern outskirts of Atlanta was interrupted at its beginning and indefinitely postponed in a most startling manner.

On that day mentioned, Gen. G. M. Dodge, commanding the 16th corps of the Army of the Tennessee, then with the armies of the Ohio and the Cumberland investing Atlanta, rode from the front with a staff officer, Major W. H. Chamberlin (51st Ohio), to direct his corps to the place assigned to it, on the extreme left of the advancing forces. As the two officers reached Gen. J. W. Fuller's tent that officer invited them to dine with him. Scarcely had they dismounted until shots were heard to the rear of the location near by, where the other division of Gen. Dodge's command (Sweeney's) had halted to await orders. Gen. Dodge listened with concern.

"It's only some of the boys shooting hogs," said Gen. Fuller. "Come, let us eat."

Other shots followed. Too many for a hog-shooting squad and entirely too far in rear of the line for any proper kind of peaceable shooting. Without waiting to eat the dinner Gen. Dodge hastily mounted his horse, and giving Gen. Fuller orders to form his division instantly for battle, rode off at full speed for the old horse, and telling the secretary to credit the farmer with $50 on the strength of selling the faithful animal. Instantly the farmer sprang to his feet and exclaimed:

"'I won't sell the horse, but you can put me down for $50.'

"He had no sooner resumed his seat than another man who was evidently waiting to follow the farmer's example exclaimed:

"'Put me down for $50. As my wife said she would give $50 whether I did or not, you may as well charge her with an equal amount.'

"The words were scarcely out of the speaker's mouth, when the farmer was on his feet again, saying:

"'I guess my wife is as good as his. Put $50 opposite her name on the book.'

"This stirred the other man up to such an extent that he was on his feet in a second, shouting:

"'Give my eldest daughter $50 worth of that stock——'

"'And my eldest daughter, too,' said the farmer. 'She's just as generous as his.'

"And so it went on for five minutes," continued the missionary, "while smiles rippled over the congregation. Each member of the two families was successively brought in until both men had given $270. The $1,800 was raised in less than an hour."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Gen. Dodge ordered the brigade to form line of battle in the very spot where they had halted. Even the artillery was in place in the very position which would have been selected if the enemy's intentions had been bulletined in the union camp.

And still further to show the chances that ruled these movements, it is a fact that late that afternoon, almost at noon, Gen. McPherson changed his mind about sending Dodge to Blair's left, and actually wrote an order, the last one he ever wrote, directing Dodge to go to Decatur, three miles back, to guard trains at that place. That order was delivered to a staff officer, who did not succeed in finding Gen. Dodge before the battle opened. It never did reach Dodge, for Col. Strong, McPherson's chief of staff, knowing it was the last writing of his beloved commander, took it as a keepsake, when it was no longer valuable as an order.

I need not repeat that the chances were supplemented by Gen. Dodge's quick disposal of his forces. It was a great emergency and he fully realized it. Not a feature escaped him. At a critical moment he cut red tape and delivered an order to charge, directly to regimental

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the readers of the BLADE's readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

The Constitutional Convention of 1787.

C. I. S., Toledo: 1.—At the time of the Revolution the French had explored the Mississippi and its tributaries, and the region of the Great Lakes. There were a few missions they had founded, but no settlements of any account west of the Alleghanies. 2.—The great political leaders at the close of the Revolutionary period were Washington, Randolph, Jefferson, Paine, Gouverneur Morris, Franklin, Hamilton, Madison, Adams, Hancock, and others. 3.—The history of the adoption of the federal constitution is as follows:

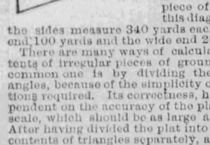
The government of this country under the articles of confederation had been a failure, and the remedy suggested by many was by means of a convention of the states. This was proposed in 1781 in a pamphlet by Pelatiah Webster, and within the next few years the legislatures of New York and of Massachusetts adopted resolutions of similar tenor. In 1786 a resolution of the Virginia legislature, growing out of a desire to regulate commerce on Chesapeake Bay and the connected waters, was passed, appointing commissioners to meet representatives of the other states for the purpose of considering the commercial condition of the United States. This commission, to which only five states sent delegates, reported the fault to be with the articles of confederation, and recommended a convention of all the states to remedy the defect, without which they despaired of any improvement in the condition of trade. Their report was approved by congress, and on May 25, 1787, the representatives of seven states met and elected as their president George Washington, the delegate of Virginia. All the states except Rhode Island were ultimately represented in the convention. The first plan proposed was that of Edmund Randolph, of Virginia, known as the Virginia plan. It consisted of fifteen resolutions and provided for two Houses, one elected by the people, the other elected by the first House from nominations made by the state legislatures. Congress was to have a veto power on state laws and power to coerce delinquent states; it was also to choose the executive. These are the salient features in which the plan differed from the Constitution as ultimately adopted. Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina, introduced a plan, the original of which has been lost and the only record of which, a copy furnished by Pinckney over thirty years later, is not believed to be entirely accurate. In its general features it resembled the Virginia plan, but it differed from the latter in being more nearly like the present constitution. It was known as the South Carolina plan. On June 15 the committee of the whole reported a modification of the Virginia plan in nineteen resolutions, the most striking change being that the power to coerce a state was not granted to congress. June 14 the convention adjourned in order to enable William Paterson, of New Jersey, to introduce a plan known as the Jersey plan, the main features of which were as follows: Congress was to continue as a single house, but with additional powers; it was to elect the executive; acts of congress and treaties were to be paramount to state laws, and the executive was to have power to coerce refractory individuals and states. Hamilton suggested a plan whereby, among other provisions, the senate and President were to hold office for life, but his plan had no supporters. On July 24 the various resolutions and plans were referred to a Committee of Detail, from which, on August 6, a draft of a constitution in 23 articles was reported. After about one more than a month, during which the clause permitting the slave trade for 20 years, the fugitive slave clause and the electoral system clause were inserted, the draft was referred to a committee consisting of Governeur Morris, Johnson, Hamilton, Madison and King. This committee, most of whose work was done by Morris, on September 13 reported the constitution in substantially its present form. Some trifling changes were made by the convention, which then adopted the instrument, and after deciding against a new convention to consider amendments suggested by the states, the convention adjourned September 17. The constitution, accompanied by a request that it be submitted to the states for ratification, was sent to congress, by whom copies were sent to the state legislatures. The constitution, as finally adopted, was signed by but 39 out of the 55 delegates. The proceedings of the convention were secret. Its papers were placed in Washington's custody, subject to the disposal of the new congress, and in 1796 they were deposited with the state department.

Measuring Irregular Tracts.

W. H. A., Flagstaff, Ariz., asks: "How can I ascertain the number of acres in an irregular piece of land? How many acres are there in a piece of the shape of this diagram, of which the sides measure 340 yards each, the narrow end 100 yards and the wide end 208 yards?"

There are many ways of calculating the contents of irregular pieces of ground. The most common one is by dividing the plat into triangles, because of the facility in the calculations required. Its correctness, however, is dependent on the accuracy of the plat, and on its scale, which should be as large as practicable. After having divided the plat into triangles find contents of triangles separately, and add.

If the ends of the piece you describe are parallel to each other, it crntains 12.55 acres (12 55-100). For details would refer you to "Gillespie's Land Surveying." The calculations, however, require a knowledge of trigonometry. Ordinary arithmetic will not answer.



W. B., Toledo, asks: "How many acres are in the above-shaped piece of ground, the base measuring 71 rods, the left side 42.8 rods, the upper side 92 rods, the right side 18.6 rods?"

It contains 14.45 acres.

Political Disabilities of Citizens of the District of Columbia and the Territories.

G. W. T., Sulphur Springs, O., asks: "Please give reasons why persons who are residents of the District of Columbia, and who have all the qualifications of electors, have no voice in national politics?"

It is singular so many people, like the writer of the above, seem to have no correct idea of the federal government. The United States is composed of states, and only states have any voice in federal affairs. The Congress is composed of two Senators from each state, and a certain number of Representatives, depending on the population, from each state. The territories have neither Senators nor Representatives in Congress. (Each territory sends a delegate—not Representative—who has a seat in the House, but can not vote on any measure.) Then, in electing a President, the constitution specifically provides that a state shall have as many electors as it has Senators and Representatives in Congress, and these electors vote for President and Vice President. The territories do not choose electors, and hence have no voice in the choice of President. The District of Columbia is not a state, nor a part of a state. Its status is exactly the same as that of a territory. It is under the direct control of Congress. To sum up: Only states are allowed, by the federal constitution, to have any voice in national affairs; the states alone are represented in Congress, and in the electoral college; hence, only the citizens of states can vote for Representatives, or for Presidential electors. The citizens of the District of Columbia and of the territories can not. Study the constitution of the United States carefully.

The Highest Pensions Given.

S. M. C., Grand Forks, Dak.: Gen. Black, late commissioner of pensions, receives $100 per month pension, for "total disability," a special act of Congress being passed for his benefit. By an act approved Feb. 12, 1889, the pensions of those who have lost both hands was increased to $100 per month. There are eighteen of them, and their names are: Morris Duey, New York City; Michael Maher, Highland Falls, N. Y.; Michael Casey, William H. Deuney and Samuel H. Decker, Washington, D. C.; William H. Lewis, Waukesha, Wis.; Frank Mark, St. Louis, Mo.; Lewis A. Horton, Boston, Mass.; Geo. W. Warner, New Haven, Conn.; William Greiter, Columbus, Ohio; Thomas Sheehy, Wilson, Ohio; Thomas Dennis, Chicago, Ill.; Benard Magovnaugh, Dearborn, Mich.; John McDonald, Uniontown, Pa.; Daniel Fuller, Ulysses, Pa.; Isaac Price, Bellington, W. Va., and Richard Dunphy, Vallejo, Cal. There is another Ben Franklin, of Blue Earth City, Minn., who is pensioned for the loss of both hands and feet, but, as he is already in receipt of a pension of $100 per month by special act of Congress, the act of February 12, 1889, does not affect him.

The Apostles.

O. G. L., Plass, Ill., writes: "In answer to W. E. B., as to the number of apostles, in your issue of June 6, you gave the number as fourteen. I think thirteen is the correct number—one to represent each of the twelve tribes of Israel (Matt. xix, 28) and one to represent the Gentile nations: 'Paul the apostle to the Gentiles.' For their naming, see Luke vi, 13. If each of the twelve tribes had to have a representative, so, also, would the Gentile nations have to have a representative."

Well, isn't the number really fourteen, if you count Judas Iscariot? He is distinctly named among the "apostles" by Jesus himself—see Luke vi, 13. After Judas's treason and suicide, Matthias was chosen in his place, to make up the twelve. Paul filled the thirteenth place, and was the fourteenth apostle.

M. H., Oak Harbor, O., writes: "In the BUREAU of June 6, in answer to W. E. B., Union City, Tenn., you say in regard to the apostles, 'There is nothing certainly known of their being married or single.' The New Testament is silent on this point, and tradition is untrustworthy.' We learn from Matthew viii, 14, that Peter, at least, was a married man; at least he was the fortunate possessor of a mother-in-law, as the text clearly implies." Thanks for the reminder.

Sheridan's Ride.

T. B. P., Clarinda, Iowa: The history of Sheridan's famous ride is brief. He was engaged in driving Early out of the Shenandoah Valley. Early attacked his main body suddenly on October 19, 1864, Sheridan being personally 20 miles distant, at Winchester, with another portion of his forces. The sound of the artillery told him of Early's attack, and he, followed by his staff, rode the 20 miles intervening, coming up as a portion of his forces were falling back before the rebel attack. Riding up, he formed the line of battle anew, attacked the enemy and drove them in rout before him. Thomas Buchanan Read, the painter-poet, of Cincinnati, wrote the famous poem, "Sheridan's Ride," beginning:

"Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air, with a shudder, bore
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible rumble, and grumble, and roar,
Telling that battle was once more on,
And Sheridan twenty miles away!"

We cannot give poems in the QUESTION BUREAU. We may publish it later in "Old War Songs."

A Back Pay Query.

J. R. S., North Bend, Neb., writes: "I was mustered out of the U. S. service at New Orleans on August 10, 1865, and discharged at Davenport, Iowa, on August 24. My pay stopped on August 10. I had to pay my railroad and stage fare 15 miles past Des Moines. The railroad only ran to Grinnell, and the stages were so crowded I had to lay over three days and pay $2 per day board. I was out a half month's wages and $17. To whom can I apply, so I may get the government to make this good?"

You are entitled to pay from the date of muster-out to date of discharge. You are not entitled to transportation from point of discharge home. For the half-month's pay address a letter of inquiry to the Second Auditor of the Treasury, Washington, D. C.

Krakatoa—Red Sunsets.

C. A. E., Abner, Tenn.: 1.—Krakatoa is a volcano on the island of Krakatoa, in the strait of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra. In August, 1883, a remarkable eruption took place. The mountain was split in two at the crator, and the amount of ashes ejected was enormous, killing hundreds of people, and destroying thousands of acres of land. That autumn the sunsets, all over the world, were remarkable for a vivid red glow which suffused the western sky, remaining for upward of an hour after the sun's disappearance. These lasted for several months. It is believed that this glow was caused by the reflection of the sunlight on the volcanic dust and gaseous matter ejected by Krakatoa's eruption. 2.—To superintendent of the railway mail service selects his appointees for that service from the names certified to him by the civil service commission. 3.—We believe indigo colors are permanent.

Farm Statistics, 1880.

J. M. K., Perry, Dak.: The only figures we can give are those of the census of 1880. The value of chickens and eggs was not taken. The other items for the entire country, in 1880, were:

Wheat, bushels	459,483,137
Corn, bushels	1,754,591,676
Milch cows, number	12,443,120
Working oxen, number	993,841
Other cattle, number	22,488,550
Hogs, number	47,681,700

Soldiers' Homesteads.

J. R. S., North Bend, Neb., writes: "In the Weekly BLADE of June 6, in answer to a question headed 'Soldiers' Homesteads,' you say a widow or minor son must live on the homestead. If you will examine the homestead law you will find that if the widow is dead or remarried, the minor heirs do not need to reside on the homestead, but only to have it improved."

Presidential Succession.

P, Center Junction, Iowa: 1.—Charleston is the capital of West Virginia. 2.—In case of the President's death, the president *pro tem.* of the Senate does not become Vice President. The latter office remains vacant until the next Presidential election. 3.—If the President dies during his term of office, the Vice President succeeds him; if he dies, then the members of the Cabinet succeed, beginning with the Secretary of State.

The "White Pilgrim"—"Christian Science."

M. H., Oak Harbor, O.: 1.—We have no idea whom you mean by the "white pilgrim," unless you refer to the old Moravian (United Brethren) hymn, beginning:

"I came to the spot where the white pilgrim lay."

If so, we are sorry to say we have never been able to obtain the history of the hymn, nor to determine who is meant by the "white pilgrim." Undoubtedly it refers to some of the early Moravian missionaries to the Indians in Pennsylvania or Ohio. If any reader can give us more light, we shall be glad. 2.—The self-styled "Christian Scientists" claim to cure diseases by what are, in reality, miraculous means. The more "advanced" actually claim to perform miracles of healing. It is one of the numerous forms which religious fanaticism, or rather "crankism," takes, and should be avoided by all who are truly endeavoring to lead Christian lives.

Trade-Marks and Patent Marks.

C., Tiffin, O.: 1.—A trade-mark which has been properly entered according to law, affixed to an article, does not prevent any one placing the same article on the market. The law only prohibits him from using that trade-mark, or a colorable imitation of it, on his goods. For instance, if A puts in the market a blacking, and secures his trade-mark, the law does not prevent B from putting out exactly the same blacking; it only prevents him from using A's trade-mark on the boxes. 2.—If an article is patented, the law requires that the patent mark shall be placed thereon under all circumstances. A patent does not take the place of a trade-mark, nor does a trade-mark take the place of a patent.

Prison Discipline—The Whipping-Post.

A. B. R., Vermilion, Kan.: 1.—In case of a convict refusing to work, or to obey the prison rules, different means are resorted to, in different penitentiaries. In some, solitary confinement; in some, the dark room, with a diet of bread and water. In some cases, we believe, flogging is resorted to. 2.—The names and duties of the officials of penitentiaries vary. Your best plan is to correspond with the wardens of these institutions in different states. 3.—The whipping-post is used to punish minor offenders in Delaware, but in no other state.

Areas of Various Countries.

W. A., Walnut, Kan.: The areas of the countries you name are as follows:

	Square miles.
United States	3,602,990
France	204,030
Germany	208,624
Great Britain and Ireland	121,571
Italy	114,380
Austria-Hungary	240,415
Russia in Europe	2,041,402

D. R. Locke's Story.

Our friends whose questions we have answered to the best of our ability are each and every one requested to return the favor by reading the announcement of "The Demagogue," on the 4th page of this issue; and then to send, *at once*, on a postal card, the names and addresses of ten or more persons to whom we can mail sample copies of the paper, with the view of having them subscribe, so as to receive the story. Please do not fail to do this.

Miscellaneous.

M. E. A., Grand View, Ind.: We do not know the gentleman's address.

E. M., Lenma, Kan.: We have not copies of either poem you mention.

X. Y. Z., ——: President Harrison is a total abstainer, and of course drank nothing intoxicating on the occasion mentioned.

E. A. A., Stiles, Iowa.: See answer to X. Y. Z. above. We do not desire to spread the falsehood in the slip you send us, and hence must decline to publish it. The best thing to do in such a case is to ignore the story. Sensible people will not believe it for the facts are too well known as regards Gen. Harrison.

Reader, Penna.: Any newspaper editor in your vicinity will let you look at a newspaper directory, from which you can get the names of all the newspapers in Colorado and all the other states and territories.

A. A. C., Smithland, Iowa: The poet Campbell pronounced his name Cam-el.

M. K., Tamarra, Ill.: Your query regarding getting rid of orayfish has been handed to the Farm editor.

"Kansas Reader," Columbus, Kan.: Your question is discussed in the editorial (4th) page of this issue, under the heading, "The Evolution of Trusts."

J. J. Anita, Iowa, wants the songs sung in the games of "Miller," "King William," and "Needle's Eye." Will some one send them to THE BLADE?

H. S. T., Abilene, Kan.: Better write to secretary state board of Agriculture, Harrisburg, Pa., to ascertain how to obtain the agricultural reports of that state.

F. R., Berkey, O.; Couples from Ohio cannot be married in Michigan without a license. Formerly they could, but a few years ago the Michigan legislature passed a marriage license law.

E. B., Walbridge, O.: The 42d Ohio was organized at Camp Chase, Ohio. Many of the men were recruited in the district afterwards represented by Garfield in Congress. Garfield being the first colonel of the regiment.

A. E. L., Sprague, Mo.: A "peace jubilee" was held at Boston, June 15 to 20, 1869. It was a musical festival, with about 10,000 singers, and a band of nearly 1,000 instruments, with a battery of artillery, and 50 anvils beaten by 100 men.

Mrs. C. J. G., Henryville, Ind.: The music of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" and many other war songs can be found in a 50-cent book called "War Songs for Anniversaries and Gatherings of Soldiers," which any bookseller or music dealer can order for you.

M. W., Grand View, Tenn.: The last blood shed in battle in the American Revolution was at the siege of Yorktown, Va., which lasted from Sept. 28 to Oct. 19, 1781. 2.—For the capital of Arizona see answer to D. W. R., Sweet Water, Ariz., in Bureau of June 6.

Mac, Saegertown, Pa.: The President has nothing to do with the inaugural ball. It is always gotten up by a committee of citizens, and the President is only an invited guest. The custom has been generally followed since Washington's inauguration, a century ago.

T. L., Toledo, O.: 1.—A man cannot become an "honorary" member of the Masonic order. 2.—Trinity church, Denver, Colo., is Methodist Episcopal. 3.—There are about 70 communistic societies in the United States, based on religious belief in some form. The one you mention is unknown to us.

"Veteran," Grinnell, Kan.: THE BLADE has been acquainted with T. W. Tallmadge, the well-known pension agent at Washington (whose advertisement is given elsewhere on this page), for the past 15 years, and can say he is not only reliable in every way, but stands among the foremost pension agents of the City of Washington.

W. S. F., Dover, Minn.: 1.—To get Depew's speech of April 30 last, write to any of the large New York dailies, inclosing 5 cents, for a copy of the issue of May 1, which contains it. 2.—That is simply a matter of opinion. 3.—We know of no law to prevent a man destroying money, if it belongs to himself; but he would be a fit candidate for a lunatic asylum if he did it.

Teacher, Texas City, Ill.: 1.—The story is utterly false. 2.—We have no idea where the outlaw, Frank James is, except that he is not where he should be if he received justice for his many crimes—behind prison bars. He never was governor of Texas, or never held any office. The people are not in the habit of electing murderers and criminals to offices of honor, trust or profit.

J. R. P., Ind.:—Lighthouse keepers are appointed nominally by the Secretary of the Treasury, but application should be made to the Lighthouse board at Washington, through the inspector and engineer of the district in which the desired position is located. There are 15 of these districts. Your other queries will be answered by the Lighthouse board at Washington.

A. L., Cambridge, O.:—No separate return of the revenue and expenditure for Ireland has been published by the British government, hence we cannot answer you. 2.—Grammar teaches how to speak or write correctly, by teaching the structure of the language; rhetoric teaches how to so arrange sentences as to give greatest beauty or force. Rhetoric is in fact the science of eloquence, not of ordinary everyday speech.

O. A. H., ——, Iowa: 1.—For information about government land in New Mexico and Arizona, address Register of the U. S. Land office, at either Santa Fe or Las Cruces, New Mexico, at either Prescott or Tucson, Arizona. 2.—The piece probably would command a small premium, but we have no idea how much. 3.—When the Sioux reservation in Dakota is opened to settlement, it will be *exclusively* for homesteading, and nothing else.

W. F. K., Sturgis, Dak., says: "In the emancipation proclamation the states of Delaware, Kentucky, Tennessee, West Virginia, Maryland, and parts of Virginia and Louisiana were exempted. When and in what manner were the slaves of the above named states freed?"

See "Emancipation Days—End of Slavery" in BUREAU of June 13, answer to T. P. M., Stockdale, Tex. Hereafter sign your full name to your letter, if you expect an answer. See Rule 1 above.

F. W., Lexington, Neb.: 1.—Cannot you understand that the whole story is a clever scheme of advertising the paper you speak of by bringing it to the notice of tens of thousands who know nothing of it? Probably Mr. Clarkson wisely thinks that if a cur does bark at him it is not necessary for him to bark back. 2.—We do not know. 3.—No. You cannot vote till you are full 21 years old; but as the 21st year is completed on the day before your 21st birthday, you can vote on that birthday, if an election happens thereon.

——, Midland City, Mich.: Why on earth don't you read the News of the Week, every week in THE BLADE? In the issue of Feb. 29 last there is a half column in that department, giving the provisions of the bill to admit North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana and Washington states. On the editorial (4th) page of THE BLADE of May 23, there is an article on "The Two Dakotas" which you should also read. If you will peruse the paper carefully each week you will not ask such questions as those sent us.

J. D., Napoleon, O.: 1.—Read some school physiology on the functions of the heart. 2.—Your question is foolish. You ask, "Since bread made from barley is wholesome, why is beer made from barley poisonous?" Meat, either fresh or properly cured, is wholesome; yet if allowed to decay it is poisonous. The process of brewing sets up chemical changes, whereby the starch in the barley is first changed into sugar, and the sugar into alcohol, which does not exist in the barley itself. The temporary capital of South Dakota is Pierre, we think; of North Dakota, Bismarck. They may be changed, however, when the legislatures meet.

T. B., Arrowsmith, Ill.: 1.—We can not take space to publish the rules for playing whist. There are several handbooks for playing whist, costing from 10 cents up to any of which we refer you. 2.—The Eiffel tower has been fully described in THE BLADE. 3.—The methods of cleaning clothing used by professional cleaners differ, according to the goods and the kind of stain. Gasoline, benzine, ammonia, borax, hard soap, whiting, etc., for certain purposes; and various chemicals are employed to take out stains. The HOUSEHOLD department has published recipes for cleaning various materials. If there is any special kind of cleaning you wish to do, send a query to the HOUSEHOLD.

JOHNNIE'S GROWTH.

Lay away the little shirt waist
That our darling boy once wore;
In the rag bag gently shove it,
He won't need it any more.
With a pair of red suspenders
We must soon our boy endow,
For the fact is most apparent—
Papa's pants fit Johnnie now.

Lay aside the knickerbockers
With the fringe around the knees;
Take the marbles from the pocket,
All the strings and nails and keys,
Buy him socks instead of stockings,
Or the boy will raise a row;
For our darling has been growing—
Papa's pants fit Johnnie now.
—*Drake's Magazine.*

A Nice Distinction.

In regard to the question of preference as between bachelors and benedicts, it is always pleasant to revert to the delicate distinction set forth by Gen. Lafayette in a conversation during his second visit to America. He shook hands with 8,000 men in one day, says the legend, and used but seven words in all. He asked each one: "Are you married?" If the answer was yes, he exclaimed: "Fortunate fellow!" If no, "Lucky dog!" After a long levee, a friend asked how the general could reconcile his congratulations to wedded and single men alike. The Frenchman laughed and answered, "Why, my dear boy, can you not perceive the vast difference between a lucky dog and a fortunate fellow?"—*America.*

A Satisfactory Guide.

"I never was rebuffed in so pleasant a way as on my journey," said Joblots, the commercial traveler, lately. "I was just about to enter an office when I saw a staircase with a sign, 'This way for commercial travelers.' I supposed the stairs led to the counting house, so I went up and found myself in a long hall, with walls where pointing boards directed the way. I passed through the hall and came to a staircase leading down as another board pointed. I descended, and opening the door at the lowest step I found I was—in the street again."—*Boston Globe.*

A Quaint Idea.

A little fellow, whose fifth birthday is at hand, heard the question asked of a newcomer:

"How old is that infant?"
His reply was:
"She ain't old at all; she has just begun."
After he had seen the infant he said to his mother:
"Mamma, that baby had her hair cut in heaven. I suppose they thought she would not be strong enough to walk to the barber's."—*Brunswick (Me.) Telegraph.*

TRADE S.S.S. MARK

My little boy, 5 years old, was sick with a disease for which doctors had no name. The nails came off his fingers, and the fingers came off to the middle joint. For 3 years he suffered dreadfully; is now getting well, and I am satisfied Swift's Specific is the chief cause of his improvement.

JOHN DRUM,
Jan. 12, 1889. Peru, Ind.

POISONED BY A CALF—My little boy broke out with sores and ulcers, the result of the saliva of a calf coming in contact with a cut finger. The ulcers were deep and painful and showed no inclination to heal. I gave him Swift's Specific, and he is now well.

JOHN F. HEARD, Auburn, Ala.
Feb. 15, '89.

Send for books on Blood Poisons & Skin Diseases, free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c, SOAP, 25c; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston; Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

THE HEAVENS IN JUNE.

Facts For Star-Gazers and All Interested in Astronomy.

The month of June, always an important one in connection with the movements of the sun, is doubly so this month, as on the 21st it reaches its greatest northern declination for the year, at which time the almanacs tell us summer begins, and then the sun starts on its journey south, the days, however, at the close of the month being still somewhat longer than at its beginning. The other important feature is the annular eclipse of the sun, which takes place on the 27th. The eclipse is not visible in the northern hemisphere as high as our latitude. The path in which the circumstances of the eclipse are best to be observed passes in a curved line from Woolwich Bay, Southwestern Africa, north and east, clear of the Island of Madagascar, thence into the eastern section of the Indian ocean, lasting about five hours and three-quarters. As some of the stations of the new submarine cable running along the coast of Africa are within these limits we shall be able to have earlier information as to the peculiar features of this event than of any of a similar nature that has ever taken place in far southern latitudes. The next eclipse is a partial one of the moon in July, also invisible here, to be followed in December by a total eclipse of the sun, to observe which, from stations on the west coast of Africa, parties are already being organized in Washington and other astronomical headquarters.

The moon quarters on the 6th, is full on the 13th, last quarter on the 20th, and new moon on the 28th, at about which time the annular eclipse occurs. According to the ancient Peruvians, the three days that the moon was invisible it was thought to be dead, and some of the Indian tribes believe that it is burned up by the sun at that period, and the Khasias say that the spots on the sun are the cinders resulting from this monthly burning. The moon is in conjunction with Saturn on the 4th, with Uranus on the 8th, with Jupiter on the 14th, with Venus on the 24th, Neptune on the 25th, and Mercury and Mars on the 28th. At the end of the month the moon is in the constellation of the Crab.

Among the planets important changes are also apparent. Some that have been conspicuous thus far during the year as morning stars now take their places in the evening skies, while others that we have been accustomed to regard almost as fixtures among the evening gems begin their turn in pushing out the daily path that the sun is to follow. The most conspicuous of all is Jupiter. At the close of April Venus stepped in to dispute the field over which Jupiter reigned the acknowledged sovereign, and by her greater brilliancy caused her rival to lessen somewhat in importance. On the 24th of the month Jupiter, being in opposition with the sun, will give up the struggle and take his place for the remainder of the year among the evening stars, and if we look to the south about midnight we shall see him as he comes up from the eastward and crosses our meridian. Venus attains her greatest brilliancy on the 5th, at which time her diameter, as measured from the earth, is 39 seconds of arc. As has been already mentioned, this beautiful planet is chief among morning stars, and will remain so throughout the year. Unfortunately she does not come on our meridian until about 9 o'clock in the morning, so only a little of her beauty can be observed. Venus is in conjunction with the moon on the 24th, the two being very close together in about 14 degrees northern declination.

Mercury, with characteristic instability, changes on the 18th from evening star to range himself under Venus' banner as a morning planet, remaining, however, in this category only until August, when he once again is an evening star. Mercury is in conjunction with the moon on the 27th, the two being not far from the constellation of Taurus.

On the 17th, Mars makes his first appearance in the morning skies, remaining there until the end of the year. On the 27th the planet and the moon are in conjunction. As Mercury is in conjunction at the same date, those who are in a favorable situation for observing them will see a rare picture. Recent observations of this planet with powerful instruments have given rise to most interesting speculations regarding canals that are said to exist on its surface. The theories advanced, bold and original though they be, are in many respects, plausible, and it may not be unreasonable to assert that our martial neighbors may have means for accomplishing the magnificent works which put our best efforts to shame, and which would only be possible with us after centuries of progress, in spite of the immense strides science is making.

The distant Neptune is another of the morning stars, and he will not again join the evening planets this year. A good guide for this planet is the brilliant star Aldebaran, in the constellation of Taurus, which during winter evenings was one of the brilliant clusters that lighted up the western portion of the heavens, but which is at present unfavorable for observation.

Uranus is one of the few evening stars. He is in conjunction with the moon on the 8th, but is invisible to the naked eye. A good star for finding Uranus is Spica, which is to be found in the early evening in the southeast portion of the heavens, some four degrees north of the planet.

Saturn, next to Jupiter, the most important of the evening stars, came to our meridian about the middle of the afternoon, but is still far enough above the horizon at sunset to be found before disappearing below the western horizon. It is not very far from the bright star Regulus, the most prominent in the constellation of Leo.

Saturn's ring has caused considerable comment lately in astronomical circles on account of a white spot having developed in it on the side opposite the shadow of the globe. Saturn is in conjunction with the moon on the 4th inst., being at that time in 17 deg. north latitude and having a right ascension of about 9 hours and 13 minutes.

Arcturus is the bright star high up in the heavens that comes to the meridian about 9 o'clock, followed by Autares about 11, Spica attaining its highest altitude shortly before 8. Both of these two last, being much further south than Arcturus, do not present quite so striking an appearance.—*Detroit News.*

THE VATICAN LIBRARY.

One of the Most Interesting of the Sights in Rome.

One of the most interesting sights in Rome is the Vatican library. It is said to contain 23,580 manuscripts, a large proportion of which are Oriental and Greek. It practically dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the most important collections were embodied in it. The visitor on first entering the Vatican finds himself in a brightly, not to say gaudily, painted room, on the floor of which, dotted at intervals, are brightly painted cupboards. In these cupboards—safe, commodious, dry receptacles—the great mass of the manuscripts which form the glory of the library are stored. Every here and there among the cupboards are various works of art, gifts to different popes, and glass-covered cases and tables, such as are to be found in other libraries, contain such illuminated manuscripts and other treasures as are best suited for exhibition.

The cases and tables are carefully covered up with wooden shutters. Among the treasures in these cases are not only the famous Terence, several famous Virgils, the Palatine Virgil among them, and many other manuscripts of the classics, but also the world-famous manuscript of the Greek bible, the well known but little studied Codex Vaticanus.

This famous manuscript has hitherto been so jealously guarded that even professed scholars have found it difficult to obtain more than a fleeting glimpse of it. More liberal conseils have now, however, come to prevail. One other treasure also to be found in the same case is the Palimpsest copy, discovered by Cardinal Mai, of Cicero oration *De Republica*. The most interesting feature in this interesting fragment is the complete success with which the ancient underlying writing has been recovered. It is hardly possible to believe that the clear, well-defined letters before you have been covered up by other writing for perhaps a thousand years.

The great hall which forms the main building of the library, terminates in a series of corridors of enormous length. On the floor of these are arranged the various presents given to the present pope last year on the attainment of his jubilee. All along the wall are vases filled with countless and almost inestimable treasures. In one is a collection of articles gathered from the catacombs and early Christian tombs; in another a collection of chalices and patens and other early church plate; after this a wonderful series of specimens of the early Florentine painters, from Cimabue downwards, arranged chronologically; opposite these again is a small collection of most lovely paintings, some of them early Christian paintings from the catacombs; others, heathen works found from time to time in the neighborhood of Rome.

There is another series of most interesting rooms—the Borgia rooms, as they are called, built for Alexander VI. These rooms are now devoted to printed books, which, as in an ordinary library, are here arranged on sheives along the wall. The ceilings are most beautifully painted by Pinturicchio. The pictures seem singularly beautiful, particularly the series representing scenes from the Savior's life.

WEDDINGS IN JUNE.

POINTS FOR EARLY SUMMER BRIDES

Taking Up Old Marriage Superstitions—Details of a Beautiful Trousseau—How Bridesmaids Should be Gowned.

ONE result of the winter campaign promises to be an unusually large crop of June weddings, says Ellen Osborn in her weekly letter to THE BLADE and several of the more notable which have already been celebrated have had a touch of quaintness to break their formalism in a revival of some of the picturesque old marriage costumes. On a recent occasion the bride wore her flower, the lily of the valley wreathed with vines. When the sound of carriage wheels was heard outside the window and it was time for her to put on her traveling gown, she pulled, before withdrawing from the company, the posies from her hair. Twisting the stems into a garland she motioned

to a group of girl friends to join hands in a ring, first allowing the maid of honor to draw a fold of the veil across her eyes. So blinded she held the garland at arm's length while the unwedded damsels circled about her, each one passing in turn beneath the bridal crown, the maiden on whose head it was finally allowed to rest being regarded as she whose turn would come next in order to wear wreath and veil.

At a second swell wedding within the ranks of the 400 the bride's veil of old lace was fastened by a dozen pearl pins. When she went to change her dress word was passed to her twelve bridesmaids to follow her, and these favored young women withdrew each a jewel, following out the superstition that all pins must be removed from a bride's toilet to insure her amiability and freedom from small worries, and adding a newer idea that such gifts bring luck to the receiver.

Other old ceremonies in high favor at fashionable weddings this summer are the theft by an agile bridesmaid of the left slipper of the bride—warranted to act as a charm to bring about a second wedding within a year—the scramble of the ushers for the bride's bouquet—which will make a man a confirmed bachelor—the sprinkling of rice in quantities greater than formerly, and the obligation newly put upon the bridesmaids that they, or one of them, must embroider for the bride a blue garter, since if her marriage is not to be a failure, and she is not to bring up in a Chicago divorce court, the sun must shine upon her and she must take all the precautions of wearing something old and something new, something borrowed and something blue.

A very pretty bridal robe that I have just seen is made of white Indian muslin, cut in fashion of the period of 1825, with balloon-like leg of mutton sleeves, a little surplice bodice with a wide waistband and sash ends tied in a bow and brought to the middle of the back just below the shoulder blades. The skirt is fully gathered at the waist and is short enough to show the satin slippers laced sandal-wise about the ankles. It is, of course, very narrow and is finished with scallops of white silk floss. From the waist line down it is studded all over with tiny embroidered white rosebuds, and in front the hem has a vine pattern with roses intertwined. A frill of old lace at the neck falls on the shoulders. The brown hair of the slim little bride will be drawn high on her head with little bunches of soft curls hanging over the temples. Her veil is to be of old lace that was worn 100 years ago.

This is to be a flower wedding in honor of the June sunshine, as well as an old-time ceremonial, and the ten bridesmaids, who will wear gowns exactly like those assumed by their grandmothers when they were young, will walk in pairs and carry roses, the first two in short-waisted gowns and scant skirts of the most delicate shade

of pink China silk, with sashes like that of the bride, with trails of the pale sweet briar hanging from their wide Leghorn hats down on their shoulders and escaping from the baskets tied with broad pink ribbons carried in the hand. The next couple will wear pink silk of the shade next deeper and crown themselves with the five-petalled wild roses which blossoms sweet and bright on every hillside. After these will come two vivid brunettes in yellow to match their yellow roses and then two others in the warm pink of the Gloire de Paris roses and the last two in the deep glowing red of the Jacqueminots.

As a wedding silk there can be little doubt that white amure is fast displacing the traditional white satin. A very complete trousseau prepared for a well-known girl of considerable wealth, whose future husband has received an important appointment abroad might be looked on as an epitome of the summer fashions of 1889. The wedding gown is particularly rich and beautiful, being composed of white armure silk brocaded with orange flowers and myrtle, and cut in a long princesse redingote opening over a front of lace wrought in patterns of the same bridal blossoms. Clusters of orange flowers fasten the skirt to the redingote and more orange flowers are worn at the throat. The bodice opens over a draped lace plastern. There are long sash ends of white ribbon. The veil is of point lace, also showing the myrtle and orange designs.

One of the most charming dresses in this trousseau is a dinner dress of Pearl-white Japanese crepe, which is unlike the Chinese crepe, in that it is heavier, coarser in weave and without lustre. This dinner gown is made with a princesse redingote of laurel green armure embroidered in different shades of green. The redingote is outlined with a

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THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1889.

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WEEKLY BLADE THREE MONTHS.

In order that many thousand new readers may join THE BLADE ranks during the publication of Mr. LOCKE'S serial story elsewhere announced, we shall make a special 3 months' club rate for the Weekly BLADE, at a price that ought to give us 50,000 new subscribers within 30 days. Agents will do well to write us for special club terms *at once*.

THE BATTLE BETWEEN LICENSE AND PROHIBITION IN CONNECTICUT.

The struggle for Prohibition comes next in the state of Connecticut, "The Land of Steady Habits." Let us hope that the vote of her people will vindicate the justice of the popular name of the state. A brief review of the temperance legislation of Connecticut may not be amiss, that the friends of Prohibition may understand clearly the issues that come to the front for the people's decision on October 7 next.

Under the influence of the temperance wave that swept over New England nearly forty years ago, the legislature of Connecticut in 1854 passed a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors as beverages. It was modeled upon the Maine law, and met with a reasonable degree of success. There was a large decrease of crime in the next three years, attributable entirely to the beneficent effects of Prohibition. Governor DUTTON, referring to the workings of the law, in his annual message for 1855, said:

> There is scarcely an open grog-shop in the state. The jails are fast becoming tenantless, and a delightful air of security is everywhere enjoyed.

In 1856, Governor MINOR, his successor, declared:

> The law has been enforced, and the daily traffic in intoxicating liquors have been broken up and abandoned.

Similar testimony came from ministers and other reliable persons from all portions of the state, and there is not the slightest doubt that the law was as successful in restraining the sale of Rum as is any other restrictive law—that against larceny, for instance.

Then came the anti-slavery agitation, and in the intense excitement of those years and the period of the civil war, all other issues were subordinated to the one of saving the Union. The Rum Power alone kept on its infernal career, and watchful as ever to take advantage of a time when popular attention was absorbed by more burning and immediate questions. First one amendment and then another was made to the law, the general tendency being to relax its stringency. Then came the revival of interest in the temperance question which followed when the great questions arising from the war were gradually settled, and in 1872, after much discussion, the Prohibitory law of 1854 was repealed and the present license and local option law passed in its stead. This law has been amended somewhat since then, but it is to-day substantially the same, in its leading features, as then enacted.

The legislature has now submitted to the popular vote a Prohibitory amendment to the state constitution, the vote on the question of submission being as follows: In the Senate 16 yeas, all Republicans; 6 nays, all Democrats; in the House, 133 yeas, 120 Republicans and 13 Democrats; 63 nays, 47 Democrats and 16 Republicans. The proposed amendment is herewith given:

> The manufacture or compounding of and sale or keeping for sale of intoxicating liquors, except for sacramental, medical, scientific, mechanical and manufacturing purposes, shall be and hereby are prohibited in this state; and it shall be the duty of the legislature to pass laws for the enforcement of this article.

Prohibition was thus tried for 18 years, covering the entire period of the civil war, with its inevitable excitements and demoralization. High license has been tried for 17 years. The license period covers a time far more favorable for temperance than that covered by the operation of the prohibitory law. It is in order now to examine the records and determine, from the evidence therein contained, which is the better for the state and her people. Of course the parrot cry of the Rum Power, "Prohibition didn't prohibit!" is being already shrieked from one end of the state to the other, but its fallacy has been shown long ago. No law annihilates utterly the evil at which it is aimed. We believe every honest, intelligent man will agree with us that the following is a fair and just statement of the case as it really stands:

There have been two legal methods tried in Connecticut of dealing with the Rum question—by Prohibition and by license. It is claimed by the adherents of each that it restricts the traffic, diminishes the amount of drunkenness, and reduces crime; thus lessening the evils which necessarily attend that traffic. The one which does this the most effectually is assuredly the best for the people. Let us appeal to the records, and find out which accomplished the work most perfectly.

The following table shows the total number of commitments to jail in the entire state for the years given. Remember that from 1854 to September 15, 1872, was the period of Prohibition; from the latter date to the end of the table, that of high license. We give in the third column the number of commitments for drunkenness, and in the last the commitments for violation of liquor laws:

Years.	Number of Commitments.	Drunkenness and Common Drunkards.	Violating Liquor Laws.
1854	1,116	541	94
1855	1,248	600	116
1856	1,387	674	28
1857	1,807	664	13
1858	1,787	617	14
1859	1,793	738	8
1860	1,825	763	18
1861	2,009	872	15
1862	1,518	493	1
1863	1,568	515	—
1864	1,193	331	1
1865	1,588	379	1
1866	1,827	637	4
1867	1,693	484	1
1868	1,821	575	2
1869	2,246	842	7
1870	2,593	1,060	3
1871	2,805	1,290	5
1872	2,985	1,470	27
1873	4,481	2,125	14
1874	4,448	2,044	19
1875	4,423	2,173	24
1876	5,103	1,847	10
1876	4,654	2,020	15
1877	4,149	1,734	17
1878	4,577	2,141	14
1879	3,834	1,628	38
1880	4,142	1,827	33
1881	4,392	2,226	25
1882	4,829	2,612	19
1883	5,094	2,747	19
1884	5,806	2,879	23
1885	3,679	1,766	12
1885	6,307	3,027	20
1886	6,416	2,903	25
1887	6,649	—	—
1888	7,388	3,948	—

The total population of Connecticut, according to the census, in 1860, was 460,147; in 1870, it was 537,454; in 1880, it was 622,700. Hence, in 1860, the number of commitments was 39-100 of 1 per cent of the population; in 1870, they were 48-100 per cent of the population. This was under Prohibition. In 1880, the commitments were 66-100 of 1 per cent of the population, and the increase since that time has been startling.

The commitments for 1888 are more than five times the average number each year from 1862 to 1866. The increase over 1887 is 539, and this is larger than than that shown in any year since 1854, except 1873, which was the first year under the license law. The disparity between license and Prohibition in effectiveness is checking crime is clearly shown by the fact that the number of commitments to jails went up from 2,985 in 1872, the last year under the Prohibitory liquor law, to 4,481 in 1873, under the license law, an increase of 1,496, or more than 50 per cent. Of the 7,388 commitments to jails during 1888, 3,948, or more than 53 per cent. of the whole number, were for drunkenness alone. In only one year since 1854, the year 1882, has this ratio of commitments for drunkenness to the whole number of commitments been so great. In 1882, 54 per cent of all commitments to jails in the state were for drunkenness alone.

Yet the number of licenses granted was lessened in 1888! The number for 1887 was 2,735; for the next year, 2,570. In the face of this, the total number of arrests, and the number for drunkenness, both show an alarming increase last year. License in Connecticut does not restrict the traffic, nor does it reduce crime and disorder. Prohibition does both these things. In the face of these facts, is it not the part of wisdom for the people of that state to unite in carrying the amendment, and thus to

Pulverize the Rum Power?

TELL THEM ABOUT IT.

We ask every reader of THE BLADE to tell his neighbors and friends of the announcement of the last literary work of Mr. D. R. LOCKE ("Nasby"), which is given elsewhere, and ask them to subscribe to THE BLADE in order to get it. It will be the only means of obtaining this story.

THE CLAN-NA-GAEL.

In connection with the investigation into the CRONIN case, in Chicago, much of the working and aims of the Clan-na-Gael have come to light. It is a secret, oath-bound society, and its members are known by numbers not names. The titles of the officers and the important terms used in the oath are designated by ciphers. For instance the following will explain the oath:

{FOHMBOE. / ENGLAND.
{JSFMBOE. / IRELAND.
{JSJTINFO. / IRISHMEN.
{VC. / UB.
{Co. / Bd or Brotherhood.
{Jsjti. / Irish.

Consequently in the following charge to a candidate for admission, Isjti should read Irish, Jsfmboe, Ireland, and so on:

> You have come within the walls of our Co offering yourself (or selves) for application with us. The men who surround you have all taken the obligations of our order and endeavor to fulfill their duties. These duties must be cheerfully complied with or not at all undertaken. We are Jsiti men, banded together for the purpose of freeing Jsfmboe and elevating the position of the Jsiti race. The lamp of the bitter past plainly points out our path, and the first step on the road to freedom is secrecy. We believe that destitute of secrecy defeat shall again cloud our brightest hopes, and believing this we shall hesitate at no sacrifice to maintain. Be prepared, then, to cast aside, with us, every thought that may impede the growth of this holy feeling among Jsfmfo, for once a member of the Co you must stand by its watchword of secrecy, obedience and love. With this explanation, are you prepared to take our obligation and perform its duties?

After the candidate has answered this in the affirmative, he takes this oath:

> I [name in full] do solemnly swear, in the presence of Almighty God, that I will labor, while life is left me, to establish and defend a republican form of government in Jsfmboe; that I keep secret the name and everything connected with this co from all not entitled to know such secrets; that I will obey and comply with the constitution and laws of the co, and that I will faithfully preserve the funds of the co for the cause of the Jsjti; revolution alone as specified in the constitution; that I will deem it my special duty and mission to promote and foster sentiments of union, brotherly love and humanity among all Jsjtinfo; that I take this obligation without any mental reservation, holding the same forever binding upon me, and that any violation thereof or desertion of my duty to the brotherhood is infamous and merits the severest punishment, so help me God.

Then the commander says: "*Keep it as you value your life*," and the junior guardian responds, "*Keep it at the hazard of your life!*" To say that such an order is repugnant to American ideas and obsolutely abhorrent to American institutions is not putting the case strong enough. It is an attempt to set up a society which shall take into its own hands the power of life and set up its own rules as superior to the constitution and laws of the United States. How faithfully its decrees are carried out is best shown by the murder of Dr. CRONIN.

THE bright newspaper woman who writes over the signature of "Bab," thus discourses upon the relative merits of English and American husbands:

> I wish a few American women could have English husbands for about one month. They would then realize what it means to take all the money that Charlie has got, while Charlie laughs at your cuteness and then laughs still more when at midday you call him up on the telephone, ask him if he loves you, tell him you have seen a bonnet that will make him think you are fifteen years old, and repeat that delicious day when you first met him, and won't he please send you a check for it. The English husband is not built that way. His creed is that a woman should have as little money as possible, as few desires, and then look as well as women who have more money and gratify all their wishes. The Englishman as a man is most interesting—as a husband he is a failure. The woman who said that heaven to her meant an American husband was much nearer the truth than she ever imagined.

After that, the unfortunate husband of "Bab" should testify his appreciation by the gift of as much of a duck of a bonnet as his purse can buy.

THE annual report on canals in Canada has been issued. The revenue during 1888 shows an increase of $11,000 over the previous year. The refund on grain delivered at Montreal was more than $30,000. There passed through the Welland canal 19,000 tons of grain in transit from United States ports on which there was no refund, and 160,358 tons of grain from ports west of Port Colborne passed through the Welland and St. Lawrence canals.

THE Nebraska Prohibitionists are getting ready for their campaign. The amendment is said to be solidly supported by the rural press and to be particularly strong among the large Scandinavian element in the rural population.

THE wheat crop of this year will, from present appearances, equal that of 1884, which was 513,000,000 bushels. And the prospects are better for higher prices than they have been since that phenomenal crop.

DAKOTA women want a female suffrage plank put in the constitution, and have already exercised one right that can never be denied women, viz: asking for it.

WOODRUFF, who claims to know so much about the Cronin case, will either prove a most valuable witness or the biggest liar known to modern history.

BRICE'S $250,000 contribution to the Democratic campaign fund, last year, bought him the place made vacant by Chairman BARNUM'S death.

OUR IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.

The Treasury department has just issued a summary statement of the imports and exports of the United States for the ten months ending April 30, in comparison with the ten months ending April 30, 1888, which contains many points of interest to our people. The imports of 1888-89 foot up $615,415,879, against $600,554,170 for the corresponding period 1887-88. The value of dutiable merchandise increased from $401,434,606 to $403,894,669; while that of duty-free imports rose from $199,119,564 to $211,521,210. It will be noted here that the increase in the value of imports on the free list is six times the increase of dutiable articles. It is to be remembered that the free list is largely made up of articles which are not produced in this country, or of those which, from the nature of things, we cannot produce in sufficient supply for our needs—like bone fertilizers, for instance; drugs, tropical fruits, etc.

The value of domestic merchandise exported in 1888-89 was $631,870,557, against $594,113,625 in 1887-88, a gain of about $37,000,000. In exports the most marked gains were in cattle, of which the value increased $3,293,220; copper ore, increase $2,818,918; and raw cotton, increase $18,402,341. Other gains were: In hops, $1,461,138; steam engines, etc., $2,121,485; leather, $734,285; refined petroleum, $2,918,446; fresh beef, $2,662,638; lard, $4,255,876; bacon, $1,767,884. The heaviest losses were on wheat, of which our exports fell off in value $15,740,548 as compared with 1887-88; and there was a loss in wheat flour of $9,235,077. Our exports of cotton cloths fell off from $9,616,836 to $6,951,774; and of tobacco from $20,038,895 to $16,986,642.

There is a large portion of the gain in an export trade due to the development of the South American countries, and the increased efforts of our manufacturers, who are beginning to understand that they must make goods of the kinds and patterns favored by foreign countries if they desire to find a market for them. The Argentine Republic took $500,000 worth more of the lumber in 1888-89 than in the corresponding period of 1887-88. The same countries bought more of our machinery and were liberal purchasers of carriages and rolling stock. Thus of carriages, street and steam railroad cars, Mexico took $294,330 against $226,337 in 1887-88, while the purchases by the West Indies increased from $159,814 to $304,998. This showing does not carry out the theories of the free traders, so much paraded in the last campaign.

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

There is so steady an increase in the emigration from France to the Argentine Republic that the French government is taking steps to check it by persuasion and argument. No less than 17,105 Frenchmen sailed for that country in 1888, as against only about 5,000 in 1886. This is peculiarly trying to the ministry, in view of the comparative failure of the efforts to induce colonists to go to Algeria and Cochin China. In view of the fact that there are many people in the United States who are inquiring about South America, the reasons urged against emigration thither by the French government possess considerable interest to those Americans who have been looking with longing eyes toward the broad savannahs of the Argentine Republic as possibly offering opportunities for advancement superior to those at home.

M. CONSTANS, the French minister of the Interior, has sent a letter to all the prefects of France, in which he urges them to put intending emigrants on their guard against the illusory promises held out to them by the agents of foreign countries. He speaks with considerable justice of the dubious prospect necessarily before the larger part of the emigrants to the Argentine republic, destined to be set down in the midst of the vast uncultivated areas of the interior, under obligation to the Argentine government or to emigration companies for their passage money, exposed to the probability of a fall in the price of labor and to the uncertainties of a fluctuating paper currency, and with no chance of becoming owners of land except as "metayers." A "metayer," we may explain, is one who holds his land from the proprietor on condition of giving one-half the crops as annual rental. It will be seen that the disadvantages are greater than any existing in the United States, and the advantages mythical

TO THE "OLD GUARD."

We ask THE BLADE'S patrons, each and every one, to do us the favor to take a postal card, write on it the name and address of *ten* of their neighbors and friends, and send it to us, so that we may mail sample copies of the paper containing the announcement "The Demagogue," D. R. LOCKE'S final literary work. It should be read by everybody.

A CELEBRATED CASE.

So far as it has been made public, the evidence against ALEXANDER SULLIVAN is entirely circumstantial. It has been proven that he had a motive in wishing CRONIN out of the way and that he was a leader in the society, some members of which undoubtedly committed the deed. There are other circumstances which bear upon the case, but these are the two chief points. How much more evidence the police have, or how much more they can develop, remains to be seen. Whether the arrest will result in a conviction is problemetical, but the case will certainly prove a celebrated one and whatever the verdict, its effect will be far reaching as regards Irish organizations, both in this country and across the water.

DON'T ORDER SEWING MACHINES YET.

We regret to say that we are so badly behind in orders for the Blade Sewing Machine, that we are compelled to ask, as a special favor, that *no further orders* for machines be sent till the announcement is made in these columns that we are ready to receive them.

THE burden of farm mortgages in Illinois, which was made the text of hundreds of free trade speeches in that state last fall, has been shown to be lighter in proportion to the farm values than that borne by any other form of property in that state. Railway, manufacturing and commercial interests are more heavily mortgaged than is agriculture. The farmers are not as badly off as the other fellows.

THERE is a rumor in the air that CAL. BRICE'S election as chairman of the Democratic committee means WHITNEY and not CLEVELAND for the presidential candidate. BRICE wants to be a senator from Ohio, and WHITNEY'S Standard oil affiliations in this state may be of use to him. See?

HILL and GRAY is the Democratic ticket for 1892 that is most talked about by the anti-Cleveland Democrats in New York. GRAY was the party choice for vice president last fall until the Cleveland coterie picked out THURMAN.

REPORTS from Minnesota say that the Indian uprising there was caused by whisky. There is a severe penalty for selling or giving whisky to Indians, but the law never has been enforced enough to strain it.

THE Sioux commission is succeeding in its mission, and this success will be another long feather in the tail of "Young Man Proud of His Tail," our own CHARLEY FOSTER.

READ the announcement of Mr. D. R. LOCKE'S last literary work, "The Demagogue," elsewhere in this issue.

THE EVOLUTION OF TRUSTS.

"Kansas Reader," writing from Columbus, Kan., propounds the following request to THE BLADE:

> Has it become a necessity to have trusts and syndicates in order to control our products? Please give us a discussion of the question.

Combinations for the purpose of enhancing the price of products, called "trusts," or "syndicates," or any other name, are the outgrowth of certain conditions, whose beginnings lie far back of the present time. At an earlier day, before rapid and cheap transportation by railways and steam navigation existed, products had to be consumed within a comparatively small area near to the point of production, because it cost too much to transport them any great distance. Manufacturing labored under the same disadvantages, and the establishments were small and located near the point at which the raw material was obtained. With the growth of industry and the consequent competition among manufacturers it was soon seen that goods can be made more cheaply in large than in small quantities; and the introduction of railways and steam transportation, by reducing the cost and time of transportation, made it possible to bring raw material long distances to be manufactured, and gave equal facilities for the distribution of the finished products to consumers.

This process has gone steadily on in all branches of human industry. The latest illustration, and one of the most striking, is the milling industry. The "roller process" of grinding wheat produces a greater yield of flour from a given quantity of wheat, and of better quality; hence it has practically driven the old process out of existence. By this process, it is much cheaper to manufacture flour in large quantities, in the vast modern mills, than in smaller establishments; and the result is the milling industry is gathering into a comparatively few centers, instead of being scattered all over the country. The farming industry is even changing, conservative as farmers are; and the farms of the future will be great ones, largely tilled by machinery.

Combinations for controlling products mark the next step in the process. Sharp competition compelled the massing of manufactures in great establishments, because it is cheaper to make a line of goods in large quantities than in small, and this saving enabled those so doing to undersell small producers. Next competition became so close that the margin of profit was very small. Then came the project of killing competition by the union of all the producers in one given line, so as to keep up prices to a point at which a larger profit could be made. The railroads did it by "pooling." The manufacturers of cut nails combined in the same way. The wall-paper makers did the same; so did the sugar-refiners, many others. Some of these combinations have broken down—the wall-paper trust, and the Cut Nail association, for example, the latter going to pieces only a few days ago. There is always the temptation in the part of each member of the combination to undersell the fixed schedule on the sly, in order to increase business; and this has rendered most of these associations of manufacturers short-lived.

Then came the latest development—the modern "trust," which, through the employment of immense capital, actually buys up all the establishments in any given line, and runs them under one control—using money freely to break down and destroy any daring person who attempts to start an independent establishment. The Standard Oil monopoly was the first and is the greatest of these in the United States. The great sugar trust is another. The copper trust, with its headquarters in Paris, was another; but it has failed, and has ruined its projector. The cotton bagging trust is another; the binder-twine trust another; and the latest one is the combination now forming, controlled by English capital, to control salt production in this country and in England.

England and other civilized countries have been going through the same phases of the evolution of trade combinations as have ourselves. One point must not be forgotten; in the effort to reduce the cost of production, it was but natural that attempts to cut down the cost of the necessary labor, by lowering wages, should have been made in this country. The organization of labor prevented this being successful to any great extent. The only way in which this can yet be accomplished will be by surrendering the principle of protection, and putting the tariff on a free trade basis. This will compel one of two things to be done: either our manufacturers must shut up their mills in the hopeless contest with their English competitors, who pay only about one-half as much in wages as is paid here, or else American wages must be reduced to the English level. And if the latter were done, it would mean a corresponding reduction in the pay of every man who works for hire, whether in a "protected" industry or not. Experience in the past teaches that when wages fall in the great lines of industry, the drop effects every one who works for pay.

What the next step in this gradual process will be, no one can tell. We may have an epidemic of trusts. In fact, it has been proposed, in sober earnest, that the farmers of the country shall form a trust, controlling the entire grain (breadstuffs) and live stock production of the country, and force prices higher than they have ruled for several years. They have as much right to do it as any one else, of course. But it needs no proof that such combinations, no matter in what line, are against the best interests of the public. When they raise the selling price of necessary articles above the point at which the manufacturer realizes a fair interest on the capital invested, they become harmful. Yet it is a problem not yet solved how to prevent them by legal means.

THE new navy is going right ahead. The navy department has issued advertisements inviting proposals for the construction of two steel cruisers of 3,000 tons displacement, under the authority conveyed by the appropriation act of September last. The contractor is required to guarantee a minimum speed of 19 knots for four consecutive hours, and there is a bonus provided for every additional quarter knot and a deduction for each quarter knot deficiency. The vessels are to be completed in two years, and exclusive of their speed bonus their cost is not to exceed $1,800,000 cash. The building of a first class navy is a work of years, but the time is coming rapidly when the United States will be as strong upon the seas as she is upon the land.

THE decision of the Treasury department to put the Carson mint in active operation again gives great satisfaction to the Nevada silver miners. The mint was closed by Secretary MANNING after the death of the superintendent in 1885, and has remained closed ever since. It will resume operations at the beginning of the fiscal year, July 1. The coining capacity of the mint is about $200,000 per month.

THE New York *World* (Dem.) having objected to Mr. BRICE'S chairmanship of the Democratic committee on the ground that he is "a rich man and a manipulator of railways," the New York *Evening Post* (Dem.) very properly reminds the *World* that Chairman BARNUM was also a rich man and a manipulator of railways.

READ the announcement of "The Demagogue" elsewhere in this paper.

ACTS OF PROVIDENCE.

If the ministers who assert that disasters like the Johnstown one are special acts of Providence, visitations of the wrath of God for the sins of His people, are right, it must be confessed that sometimes Providence works in most mysterious ways. In the first place it is not understood that Johnstown was an especially wicked place, while it is a fact that it was located under the shadow of a threatening body of water which needed constant care, care which was not given, to prevent it from overwhelming the town. But there are two later instances to refer to. In the cable dispatches of June 11 was told the story of a railway accident in Ireland, in which nearly a hundred people were killed. The accident was caused by a collision. The train containing the victims was a special, containing an excursion of Methodist Sunday school teachers and scholars. On the other train which was an ordinary passenger one, not a person was hurt. This would not argue strongly in favor of the special Providence theory. This morning brings news of a disastrous fire in Grinnell, Iowa, by which the town suffered a loss it will take it years to recover from. Yet this little town of Grinnell is the most virtuous and God fearing of any locality in all Iowa. It is the home of an orthodox university. It has hardly a citizen who is not a church member. There is not a saloon, a billiard hall, or a disreputable house in the place. Even did the law allow their existence they could not live there, for no one would patronize them. Still this is the second time Grinnell has suffered severely by the elements. A few years ago a cyclone came traveling down into Iowa. It went over the head of Marshalltown, which at that time was called the wickedest town on the Northwestern road. It skipped Oskaloosa, whose inhabitants in those days paid more attention to horse racing than prayer meetings. It passed Ottumwa, a town which bore the hardest name in the state for immorality. And it fell upon and utterly demolished Grinnell. It killed over one hundred people. Blew down every church in the place. Destroyed the university buildings, and the only house in its path left standing was a hotel, which was looked upon with suspicion by the citizens, because the proprietor was suspected of keeping a private bottle for the benefit of his traveling customers who had forgotten to bring any whisky with them. In the face of such evidence it would seem as if the better theory was that God, in the beginning, fixed certain immutable rules, which He never departs from, for the government of physical things. According to those rules that dam at Johnstown, in the condition it was in Friday, would hold so much water and no more. More came and it broke. It would have broken just the same had the valley below been a desert with not a life to be endangered. Had the dam been strengthened it would have held the added water. It lay within the province of man to have averted the disaster. He knew what the fixed laws were. It was due to his carelessness in not obeying them that the disaster occurred. Had man deliberately weakened the dam and it not broken, surely it would have been an act of Providence, just as if a man should jump off the Eiffel tower and not be killed. There one of God's natural rules would have failed to act. But that it did break because not strong enough to withstand the pressure behind was the most natural thing in the world, just as it would be that the man jumping from the Eiffel tower should be killed.

A GOOD WATCH AT LAST!

Those of our readers who want a *good* cheap watch will please read our new watch offer in the Publishers' Department, on 5th page. The watch we now have is the best cheap watch ever offered, and we are able to recommend it heartily.

A PENSION case of much interest has just been decided by the Pension bureau. A widow's pension is granted to MARY ELLASON, widow of JAMES ELLASON. It appears that ELLASON was granted permission to go to Chattanooga, with the understanding that he would join his regiment at that point. His regiment did not go to Chattanooga, and he was captured by the enemy while there, confined in prison at Salisbury, N. C., and while there, contracted pneumonia and died in prison. The assistant pension commissioner holds that the department ruling that widows are not entitled to pension when the death of their husbands originated from causes during a furlough is not applicable in this case, as the soldier was in duress and presumably anxious to rejoin his regiment and estop his furlough.

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* lives down South, which is perhaps the reason it was so quick to see this point:

> Old Jubal Early's speech at Winchester will be a godsend to the Republican papers. The general stuck to it that the Confederate cause was right, and was particularly rough on the Confederates who have deserted since the war.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

In this referring to the "Confederates who have deserted (to the Republicans) since the war" the *Constitution* identifies the Democracy with the Confederate cause more closely and directly than any Republican paper has done thus far. Is the *Constitution* going back on the Bourbons?

THE Dominion government has decided to remove the export duty on logs, eleven inches and under, cut in Canada by American lumbermen, and hauled to mills on the American side. This will cheapen the varieties of lumber made out of small timber, and accomplish what a reduction of our own duty on sawed lumber could not do, so long as Canada kept an export duty on logs. It is to be remembered that such logs come into this country duty free.

FREE TRADE IS a sweet boon to the laboring man indeed! The committee of the English House of Lords, which is investigating the matter, has found, in the district around Manchester, plenty of workingmen whose earnings average about $10 a month, and who put in eighteen hours a day. These figures are sworn to by the men themselves, before the committee, and they do not vary materially from the returns made by their employers.

CHIEF ARTHUR, of the Bronherhood of Locomotive Engineers, has learned the lesson of experience, and comes out squarely against strikes. He says that under no conceivable circumstances will he ever advocate another one, because it has been abundantly shown that strikes are unprofitable, and at war with certain facts and conditions in the industrial situation which can never be overcome by them.

GREATER powers and a larger appropriation for the Civil Service commission, is the formulated request of its members—and it is one that should be promptly granted by Congress this winter. Civil service reform has come to stay, although professional politicians rage over the fact.

ON the Delaware river are four great ship-building establishments capable of constructing the heaviest war-ships. Had the free traders had their way these shipyards would not be in existence, and the work now being done in them would have been done in Europe.

The New York *World* takes this view of the reason for Mr. BRICE'S political prominence:

> Did it ever occur to Calvin S. Brice that Mr. Cleveland had him placed at the head of the Democratic National Campaign committee because Mr. Brice's check was good for a million dollars?

AN ENGLISH WORKINGMAN'S VIEWS.

H. J. PETTIFER, an English workingman (an electro-plater), made a public address a short time ago before an audience of fellow-workingmen, in which he draws an instructive comparison between the status of workingmen in that country and in the United States. He has been in this country four times, on one of his trips working here at his trade for over three years. We give the following extracts, containing his conclusions. There can be no denial of his figures, for the workingmen here are able to testify to the correctness of those referring to this country; while his English audience would at once have detected any misstatement as regards that country. Mr. PETTIFER has, through his own investigations into the matter of wages and their purchasing power in the two countries become a thorough protectionist, and is now the secretary of the labor committee of the English Fair Trade League, an organization devoted to the advancement of the cause of protection in Great Britain, in the interests of workingmen. He said:

> I was sent out [to the United States] the year before last by my association to gather information in America, and last year I went there again at the invitation of a number of workingmen to explain to them the condition of English workingmen under free trade. During that visit I had the opportunity of visiting over 30 towns in America, and in every one I had the privilege of going over many of the large mills and factories, of inspecting the time sheets and looking through the wage books, and the conclusion I came to was this, that the working classes of America are better housed, better fed and better clothed than the working classes of any other country on the face of the earth, and that it was protection pure and simple that did it. I should like to give you a few authentic figures to show you the rate of the wages they get.
>
> The wages which come closest to English wages are in the cotton trade. The cotton trade in America does not produce very much higher wages than here. Taking all those employed—men, women and young people—in England, the average is about 19s 7d a week, and the average in America is only 28s 1d, so that they only have to fill the belt of it. The woollen trade goes a step higher. In England the wages average about 26s 7d a week, in America it is 43s 3d; so that the Americans have 16s 8d the best of it. But taking our trade with another all through, the average paid in England is £35 6s for 12 months, against £73 in America, or above double.
>
> But, then, the actual figures of wages are no test at all; what you want is to know what you are going to buy with the wages, because if a man gets double wages and takes it all to keep himself alive, it's no use having them. I will tell you exactly how they stand. I will give you what it costs a man to live in New York and all through the country at large. A sovereign or a dollar is bound to buy a little bit more food there than here, because if food is not cheaper there than here how can they afford to send it there and sell it cheaper than we can? A sovereign will buy more flour, more meat, more butter, more coffee, tea and lamp oil there than here. It will buy as much cotton sheeting, shirting, as much print, calico, and boots as here. There is a wonderful thing about those boots. The pair I have on at present cost $3—12s 6d—in Boston, America, not in a little shop, but in an ordinary good shop. The average wages in my trade—silversmith and electro-plate worker—in America is $3 a day—12s 6d—and in London 6s, so that it takes one day's wages to buy my boots in America, and two days' wages in London. Which country is cheapest, and which is dearest in that particular case? There are some things a foreign will buy less of there than here; sugar, woollen goods and hats, as well as house rent.

A SPECIAL REQUEST.

Send us, *at once*, on a postal card or otherwise, the names of ten of your neighbors whom you think would like to read the late D. R. LOCKE'S great novel of American life, "The Demagogue," the announcement of which is given elsewhere. We will send to every person a sample copy of THE BLADE containing the announcement, and will take it as a personal favor if *every* reader will send us names as above requested. Do it AT ONCE.

HAYTIAN AFFAIRS.

The capture of the capital of the Haytian republic, Port au Prince, by the forces of HYPPOLITE, and the proclamation of the latter as the provisional president of the republic, may be taken as ending the revolution begun in August, 1888. It has been but a couple of years since President SALOMON was driven into exile by the Haytians for the alleged reason that he had substituted for the law of the constitution his own power and will. LEGITIME, by trick and device, became his successor, and now, after months of running and fighting, HYPPOLITE has deposed LEGITIME and himself become provisional president.

For ten months the political condition of Hayti has been simply chaotic, a condition which only the stubbornness of LEGITIME prolonged by refusing to consider the proposal of HYPPOLITE, that both of them should stand aside, and allow the people to express their preference at a general election for president. The net result of LEGITIME'S defeat will probably be the election which, as president, he prevented, and also probably the popular choice, as expressed by the returns, will be HYPPOLITE. If he is really the patriot he assumes to be, he can put an end to the anarchy and revolution which have so long rent Hayti. The indications, however, are that the anarchial spirit is the controlling one on the island, and that the political schemers taking advantage of the dense ignorance of the masses are likely to make anarchy and chaos chronic.

THE administration at Washington has turned its attention to the better enforcement of the act of August 5, 1882, in regard to undesirable immigration. The Treasury department has revised the regulations for the enforcement of that law, adding thereto a provision that vessel agents or masters engaged in transporting immigrants may be required to give bonds for the return, on demand of the authorities, of all persons not entitled to enter the country under that act; and where there is reason to fear that an immigrant may become a public charge, bond may be required of the agent or master, conditioned that the immigrant shall not, within five years, become a public charge upon any state or territory, or any city, township or county in the United States. A strict enforcement of these amendments will cut off pauper immigration entirely. Let us have them carried out fully.

FREE SPECIMENS.

The BLADE desires to send specimen copies to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce the BLADE *everywhere*.

A CORRESPONDENT at Auburndale, Ohio, writes thus concerning a national flower:

> EDITOR BLADE:—I should say the lily ought to be the national flower. What can be more emblematic of superiority and purity than the lily? It toils not, neither does it spin, "yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."
>
> There is one objection to this that is fatal—the lily is the emblem of France. It is therefore inadmissible.

RANDALL'S health is steadily improving, and he is getting in trim to take the leadership of the Democrats in the House next winter. Such a promotion will be gall and wormwood to MILLS, who will, however, have to take his own advice, and "Go soak yo' head."

THERE are lots of people in this country who would be mightily improved did they take the advice General TOM EWING gave the graduates of the law school of the University of New York, when he said: "Be like ROSCOE CONKLING—too proud to do a mean thing!"

BRICE, the rainbow-chaser, has been chosen as BARNUM'S successor in the chairmanship of the Democratic national committee. Didn't BRICE obtain it to aid him as far as possible in his canvass for the Ohio Senatorship to succeed PAYNE?

BRAZIL has signified her intention to be represented in the congress of American nations at Washington next October. BLAINE'S idea, advanced when he was in GARFIELD'S cabinet, will be carried to a successful issue this time.

"THE DEMAGOGUE."

An American Novel, by the Late D. R. Locke ("Nasby.")

The Final Literary Labor of the Great Humorist and Author.

Its Publication Will be Begun in the Blade Next Month.

As is well known to the literary world in general, and to readers of THE BLADE particularly, the late D. R. LOCKE ("Nasby") at various times turned his versatile talents to the writing of sketches and longer stories. Many of these were given to the world in the columns of THE BLADE. But it is not so well known that for years he cherished the plan of writing a novel of American life—the "great American novel," if you please. This ambition, however, was familiar to his family and intimate literary friends, for he would often discuss the characters and incidents of the proposed novel with them.

His plan of work was, like Mr. LOCKE'S genius, unique. He developed the outline of the novel in essentially dramatic form, writing first the chapters that would correspond to the climaxes of a play, had it been a drama. The connecting portions of the story were to be written afterward.

After his return from his last trip to Europe, Mr. LOCKE set himself to work to complete the story, which as yet was in but fragmentary form, as above stated. He would not touch it, however, unless he felt, mentally, capable of exerting his highest efforts and producing his best work. Sometimes it was not taken up for months. Finally the decline in his health became rapid, and his death occurred on February 15, 1888. It was presumed that the story was practically completed, needing only slight revisions; but on examining his papers, not over two-thirds of the manuscript was then found. It was impossible, of course, to publish the fragment, good as it was, at that time, and it was decided not to attempt to use the novel until, at the death of Mr. LOCKE'S life-long friend, CHARLES A. B. SHEPARD, of the well-known publishing house of LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, the remainder of the story was found among Mr. SHEPARD'S papers, having evidently been sent him for his criticism—a frequent habit of Mr. LOCKE'S. The story, now being complete, will be published in the columns of THE BLADE, the first chapters appearing next month.

The title of the story is "The Demagogue," and its scene is laid in Northwestern Ohio, opening some forty years ago with the birth of the hero in a miserable log-cabin in that then largely undeveloped region. The story is the life-history of this boy, the son of an ignorant, poor and drunken father and a shifterally mother. Gifted by nature with fine talents, he conquers an education despite the obstacles in his path, as a means to his material advancement. The boy sees, in the community around him, that the men of most influence and of the highest standing among their fellows, are those possessing money, and determines to become wealthy in order to be able to obtain influence. His school career and his apprenticeship in a country printing office, are sketched with that absolute fidelity to the reality which was so characteristic of the famed author's "Nasby" letters. The hero's character, warped by his early life and low station, and its gradual development along selfish lines when he reached manhood's years, is pictured with the faithfulness of a photograph. It is a study from life, drawn by a master-hand.

The hero, in his morb

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

An Important Feature for "The Blade" This Summer.

Arrangements have just been completed by which readers of THE BLADE will be offered a novel feature this summer, one that will prove as interesting and instructive as it will be entertaining. Mr. ROBINSON LOCKE, the Editor of this paper, sails for Europe early in July, for a much needed rest and vacation, and will spend nearly two months among the people of northern Germany. During this time he will write a weekly letter to THE BLADE, which will be illustrated by photographs taken on the spot. These letters will faithfully depict the home life of the North Germans, and will tell the American reader about the manners and customs and habits of this thrifty people. Mr. LOCKE was in Europe for nearly five years with his father, the late D. R. LOCKE, Nasby), and thus had an unequalled opportunity of familiarizing himself with this kind of work. We know that our readers will greatly enjoy Mr. LOCKE'S graphic letters from the North of Germany.

GOOD TO BE AN AMERICAN.

It is good to live in a Christian country. It was not very long ago that a flood similar to the Johnstown horror occurred in China. It was greater than the Pennsylvania one, inasmuch as it killed many more people. It was more fearful and far reaching because the survivors were left to take care of their dead and support themselves as best they might. No relief trains sped to their assistance. No willing hands furnished food and clothing. They were left to die in their misery and dying, envy the fate of those whose death had been speedier. Think of the added horrors that would now exist in Johnstown had not a nation opened its hands and ministered to the afflicted! We may be a nation of money-makers, but when the occasion comes, we can be a nation of money-spenders. Perhaps our heart does lie close to our pocket but just now our pocket is close to our heart.

Alas! for the Democrat bold,
As he fills again his glass.
Alas! for the mugwump scold,
Of virtue and learning a mass;
For the things that the're sure are about to be,
Somehow never come to pass.
All of which is suggested by the fact that up to date Secretary BLAINE has left undone all of those things which they knew he was going to do and done some of those things they were certain he would not do, and there is considerable health in him.

HENRI WATTERSON is mad. Commenting on RANDALL'S advice to the Democrats to "get together" on the tariff issue, he declares that if the Democratic party abandons the idea of tariff reform as represented by the Mills bill, there will be a split, "followed by the nomination of a free trade candidate for President in 1892." So, HENRI, the Mills bill *was* a free trade measure, after all! It is significant that MR. WATTERSON has frankly acknowledged it at last.

THERE is wailing and gnashing of teeth in the Democratic camp because WM. E. CHANDLER is the caucus nominee of the Republican majority in the New Hampshire legislature for United States Senator. It is sad; but the man the enemy hates the most is generally the one to choose.

WEEKLY BLADE THREE MONTHS.

In order that many thousand new readers may join THE BLADE ranks during the publication of Mr. LOCKE'S serial story elsewhere announced, we shall make a special 3 months' club rate for the Weekly BLADE, at a price that ought to give us 50,000 new subscribers within 30 days. Agents will do well to write us for special club terms *at once.*

One night I met a testy friend
Whose best girl I had kissed;
Before I could my act defend
He hit me with his fist.

The blow was given with a vim
That fairly made me stagger;
I started to get back at him
By whipping out a ¶

He quickly struck it from my hand,
And up against the bars
I flew head-first and seemed to land
Among ten thousand * * *

After this fearful knockabout
I raised a piercing yell,
Which I am sure was quite without
A Western ¶

I fled, but failed to get away—
My friends saw, with a laugh,
In the police court news next day
I filled a ¶

—*Quertes.*

The Frightful Novelistic Age.

Alfred (reading from the latest erotomance)—"He seized her in his arms and kissed her ripe red lips with frenetic abandon. She shivered and writhed in his close embrace. Her breath came in quick Knickerbockers. Her eyes——"

Gladys—Oh, Alfred, what nonsense are you reading? Knickerbockers!

Alfred—A little emendation of my own. The text says: "Her breath came in quick, short pants."—*To-Day.*

A Change of Husbands.

Ada—"Lulu was divorced to-day."

Belle—"Well?"

Ada—"Well, her husband who loves her devotedly, shaved off his beard, dyed his hair, put on foreign clothes, painted his face yellow and got introduced to her as the Cuban Consul."

Belle—"Well?"

Ada—"She married him at sight."—*The Epoch.*

He Won His Suit.

Smith (enamored)—"Darling, I bring you a few miserable diamonds. I love you—"

Girl—"I hate the sight of you!"

Smith (calmly)—"Here is a piece of lamb's liver for your darling cat and a sweetbread for your doggie."

Girl—"You may ask my hand of papa."—*The Epoch.*

Necessarily So.

He—Women make a much greater ado over choosing a husband than men do in choosing a wife.

She—Yes; our chances for securing worthless partners are much greater than men, and we must be more discriminating.—*Omaha World.*

In the Air.

"Politician, ain't you?" he inquired, turning to the passenger immediately behind him.

"Yep; how did you know?"

"Breath."—*Boston Gazette.*

He Deserves a Pension.

Jake—"Did you fight during the war?"

Mike—"I was married in 1861 and my mother-in-law lived with us until 1865 Did I *fight?*"

Jake—"Oh!"—*The Epoch.*

Doubtful.

Ada—"I have begun French lessons."

Ella—"Who is your teacher?"

Ada—"Herr Julius Stauffenbrecherberger-steinlitz."

Ella—"An Italian?"—*The Epoch.*

Garments That Know no Sex.

No summer outfit is complete without a "blazer" and a "skull" cap. And sex has nothing to do with them, either.—*Boston Herald.*

One of the prettiest women in Washington is the wife of ex-Senator Bruce. She has a fine, oval face, with regular features and a complexion not near so dark as that of the typical Cuban beauty.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XII.

"JOHN BROWN'S BODY."

We published recently a version of "John Brown's Body," since when we have received other versions from various persons, all claiming to be the original one. The history of the evolution of this noted song is somewhat interesting. It originated in 1861. When the Massachusetts regiment commanded by Col. Fletcher Webster, a son of Daniel Webster, were in quarters in Boston harbor some of the men amused themselves in finding an air to the words:

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching on;
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
His soul is marching on.

"This verse," says C. Sprague Hall, who is the reputed author of the song, "was at that time the only verse known." Mr. Hall does not claim the authorship of this first verse, and alludes to it in such a way as to indicate that he did not write it. The melody, Mr. Hall says, was chosen by a Mr. Greenleaf, of Charleston, Mass., who was there on a visit to the camp. He selected and adapted the air of the well-known camp-meeting hymn:

"Say, brothers, will you meet me
On Jordan's happy shore?"

Concerning the preparation of additional verses, Mr. Hall says: "I will now proceed to relate the circumstances by which I was induced to undertake the task which was very reluctantly done. Let it be understood that several young men, residents of Charlestown, who were glee singers, suggested to me that the wants of the public required a song to be started under the title of the 'John Brown song,' at the same time assuring me that it would be hailed with delight everywhere. In reply to their request that I should compose such a song, I told them that I was incompetent to conform to their wishes, but would consult H. Partridge, of whom I had bought songs, to hire some poet to get it up, but as he declined, the singers alluded to said I should do my best, and the result is before the world."

It was this version which was recently given in THE BLADE. But there is no doubt that, as the measure is one easily constructed, the soldiers in various camps added new stanzas until there were many versions in existence. Here is one version, and it is much better than the original. We wish we could find out the name of the unknown author.

John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave,
And bondsmen are weeping, whom he ventured all to save;
But though he lost his life bravely fighting for the slave,
His soul goes marching on.

CHORUS—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.

He captured Harper's Ferry with his nineteen men so true,
And he frightened old Virginny till she trembled through and through;
They hung him for a traitor—themselves a traitor crew,
But his soul is marching on!

John Brown was a hero, undaunted, true and brave,
And Kansas knew his valor when he fought her rights to save;
And now, although the grass is growing green above his grave,
His soul goes marching on.

John Brown was a soldier, a soldier of the Lord!
John Brown was a martyr, a martyr to the word!
He made the gallows holy when he perished by the cord,
And his soul goes marching on.

The battle that John Brown began he looks from heaven to view;
On our army of the Union, with its red, white and blue;
And angels shall sing hymns o'er the deeds we mean to do,
As we go marching on.

One correspondent sends the following varintion of the first verse, which we prefer to that given above:

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
While weep the sons of bondage whom he ventured forth to save;
But, though he lost his precious life in struggling for the slave,
His soul goes marching on!

After the issue of the emancipation proclamation, a John Brown song was published, composed by Miss Edna Dean Proctor, which possesses much literary merit. As it is probably known to but few of our readers, we quote it, as follows:

John Brown died on the scaffold for the slave;
Dark was the hour when we dug his hallowed grave;
Now God avenges the life he gladly gave,
Freedom reigns to-day!
Chorus.—Glory, hallelujah, etc.

John Brown sowed and the harvesters are we;
Honor to him who has made the bondman free;
Loved evermore shall our noble ruler be;
Freedom reigns to-day!

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave;
Bright o'er the sod let the starry banner wave;
Lo! for the millions he perled all to save;
Freedom reigns to-day!

John Brown's soul through the world is marching on;
Hail to the hour when oppression shall be gone;
All men shall sing in the better era's dawn,
Freedom reigns to-day!

John Brown dwells where the battle strife is o'er;
Hate cannot harm him, nor sorrow stir him more;
Earth will remember the martyrdom he bore:
Freedom reigns to-day!

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave;
John Brown lives in the triumph of the brave;
John Brown's soul not a higher joy can crave;
Freedom reigns to-day!

FIRST THINGS.

The first watches were made at Nuenburg in 1477.

The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829.

Omnibuses were first introduced in New York in 1830.

Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.

The first copper cent was coined in New Haven in 1687.

The first printing press in the United States was worked in 1620.

Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century.

The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1753.

The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, jr., in 1846.

The first daily newspaper appeared in 1702. The first newspaper pinted in the United States was published in Boston on September 25, 1790.

The first telegraph instrument was successfully operated by S. F. B. Morse, the inventor, in 1835, though its utility was not demonstrated to the world until 1842.

The first Union flag was unfurled on January 1, 1776, over the camp at Cambridge. It had thirteen stripes of white and red and retained the British cross in one corner.—*Queries.*

In Crœsus Land.

[A. D. 60,000,000.]

Husband—"Why are you weeping?"

Wife—"I gave a beggar $5 this morning."

Husband—"What of it?"

Wife—"He cursed me and said it was the smallest amount he had ever received."—*The Epoch.*

His First Was One.

Mr. McCrackle—Young Brown won't have to wait ten years before celebrating his "tin" wedding.

Mrs. McCrackle—How is that?

Mr. McCrackle—He married a girl worth $200,000 in her own right.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Play "Game of Shorthand."

The latest and most fascinating game now befor the public. *While playing* this game all the principles of *shorthand can be learned.* Just the thing for those desirous of learning shorthand, or for perfecting those already acquainted with the art. Full pack of 64 beautifully lithographed cards with directionsf or playing mailed for 50 cts; 3 packs, $1. Stamps not accepted. Address, J. W. MELCHIOR,
Prin. "Best" Shorthand School, Toledo, O.

An Unpromising Match.

Mrs. Henpeck—My dear, you will make a sad mistake if you marry Mr. Meak. He has no beard and he wears a wig.

Daughter—What difference does that make?

Mrs. Henpeck—Huh! You try managing a husband with no hair of his own and you'll find out.—*New York Weekly.*

ABOUT THE FLOODS

CHRONICLED IN MODERN TIMES.

The Great Chinese Flood, with Its Terrible Loss of Life—Floods in Holland—The Record of Two Centuries.

The greatest of modern floods was that which resulted from the overflow of the great Hoang-Ho, or Yellow river, in 1887. This river, which has earned the title of "China's Sorrow," has always been the cause of great anxiety to the Chinese government and to the inhabitants of the country through which itflows. It is guarded with the utmost care at great expense, and annually vast sums are spent in repairs of its banks. In October, 1887, a number of serious breaches occured in the river's banks about 300 miles from the coast. As a result the river deserted its natural bed and spread over a thickly populated plain, forcing for itself finally an entirely new road to the sea. Four or five times in 2,000 years the great river had changed its bed, and each time the change had entailed great loss of life and property.

In 1852 it burst through its banks 250 miles from the sea, and cut a new bed through the northern part of Shantung into the gulf of Pechili. The isolation in which foreigners lived at that time in China prevented their obtaining any information as to the calamitous results of this change, but in 1887 many of the barriers against foreigners had been removed, and a general idea of the character of the inundation was easily obtainable.

For several weeks preceding the actual overflow of its banks the Hoang-Ho had been swollen from its tributaries. It had been unusally wet and stormy in northwest China, and all the small streams were full and overflowing. The first break occurred in the province of Honan, of which the capital is Kaifeng, and the city next in importance is Ching or Cheng Chou. The latter is 40 miles west of Kaifeng, and a short distance above a bend in the Hoang-Ho. At this bend the stream is borne violently against the south shore. For ten days a continuous rain had been soaking the embankments, and a strong wind increased the already great force of the current. Finally a breach was made. At first it extended only for a hundred yards. The guards made frantic efforts to close the gap, and were assisted by the frightened people in the vicinity. But the breach grew rapidly to a width of 1,200 yards, and through this the river rushed with awful force. Leaping over the plain with incredible velocity, the water merged into a small stream called the Lu-chia. Down the valley of the Lu-chia the torrent poured in an easterly direction overwhelming everything in its path.

Twenty miles from Cheng Chou it encountered Chungmon, a walled city of the third rank. Its thousands of inhabitants were attending to their usual pursuits. There was no telegraph to warn them, and the first intimation of disaster came with the muddy torrent that rolled down upon them. Within a short time only the tops of the high walls marked where a flourishing city had been. Three hundred villages in the district disappeared utterly, and the lands about three hundred other villages were inundated.

The flood turned south from Chungmon, still keeping to the course of the Lu-chia, and stretched out in width for 30 miles. This vast body of water was from 10 to 20 feet deep. Several miles south of Kaifeng the flood struck a large river which there joins the Lu-chia. The result was that the flood rose to a still greater height, and, pouring into a low-lying and very fertile plain, which was densely populated, submerged upward of 1,500 villages.

Not far from this locality, the flood passed into the province of Anhui, where it spread very widely. The actual loss of life could not be computed accurately, but the lowest intelligent estimate placed it at 1,500,000, and one authority fixed it at 7,000,000. Two million people were rendered destitute by the flood, and the suffering that resulted was frightful. For months later the inundated provinces were still under the muddy waters. The government officials who were on guard when the Hoang-Ho broke its banks were condemned to severe punishments, and were placed in the pillory in spite of their pleading that they had done their best to avert the disaster.

The inundation which may be classed as the second greatest in modern history, occurred in Holland in 1530. There have been many great floods in Holland, nearly all due to the failure of the dikes which form the only barrier between it and the sea. In 1530 there was a general failure of the dikes, and the sea poured in upon the low-lands. The people were as unprepared as were the victims of the Johnstown disaster. Good authority place the number of human beings that perished in this flood at about 400,000, and the destruction of property was in proportion.

In April, 1421, the river Meuse broke in the dikes at Dora, or Dordrecht, an ancient town in the peninsula of South Holland, situated on an island. Ten thousand persons perished there and more than 100,000 in the vicinity. In January, 1861, there was a disastrous flood in Holland, the area sweeping over 40,000 acres and leaving 30,000 villages destitute, and again in 1876 severe losses resulted from inundations in this country.

The first flood in Europe of which history gives any authentic account occurred in Lincolnshire, England, A. D. 245, when the sea passed over many thousands of acres. In the year 833 a flood in Cheshire destroyed 3,000 human lives and many cattle. Four hundred families were drowned in Glasgow by an overflow of the Clyde in 758. A number of English seaport towns were destroyed by an inundation in 1014. In 1483 a terrible overflow of the Severn, which came at night and lasted for ten days, covered the tops of mountains. Men, women and children were carried from their beds and drowned. The waters settled on the land and were called for one hundred years after the great waters.

A flood in Catalonia, a province in Spain, occurred in 1617, and 50,000 persons lost their lives. One of the most curious inundations in history, and one that was looked upon at the time as a miracle, occurred in Yorkshire, England, in 1686. A large rock was split asudder by some hidden force, and water spouted out, the stream reaching as high as a church steeple. In 1771 another flood which had disastrous results, and which was known as the Ripon flood, occurred in the same province.

In September, 1787, mountain torrents inundated Navarre, and 2,000 persons were drowned. Twice, in 1787 and in 1802, the Irish Liffey overran its banks and caused great damage. A reservoir in Lucra, a city of Spain, burst in much the same way as did the dam at Johnstown, and, as a result, 1,000 persons perished. Twenty-four villages near Fresburg and all their inhabitants were swept away in April, 1811, by an overflow of the Danube. Two years later large provinces in Austria and Poland were flooded and many lives were lost. In the same year a force of 2,000 Turkish soldiers, who were stationed on a small island near Widdin, were surprised by a sudden overflow of the Danube, and all were drowned. There were two more floods in this year one in Silesia, were 6,000 persons perished, and the French army met such losses and privations that its ruin was accelerated; and another in Poland, where 4,000 persons were supposed to have been drowned. In 1816 the melting of the snow on the mountains surrounding Strabane, Ireland, caused destructive floods, and the overflow of the Vistula in Germany laid many villages under water. Floods that occasioned great suffering occurred in 1829, when severe rains caused the Spey and Findhorn to rise fifty feet above their ordinary level. The following year the Danube again overflowed its banks, and inundated the houses of 50,000 inhabitants of Vienna. The Saone overflowed in 1840, and poured its turbulent waters into the Rhone, causing a flood which covered 60,000 acres. Lyons was flooded, 100 houses were swept away at Avignon, 218 at La Guillotiere, and 300 at Valse, Marseilles, and Nimes. Another great flood, entailing much suffering, occurred in the south of France in 1856.

A flood in Mill River valley in 1874 was caused by the bursting of a badly constructed dam. The waters poured down upon the villages in the valley much as at Johnstown, but the people received warning in time and the torrent was not so swift. Several villages were destroyed and 144 persons drowned. The rising of the Garonne in 1875 caused the death of 1,000 persons near Toulouse, and 20,000 persons were made homeless in India by floods in the same year. In 1882 heavy floods destroyed a large amount of property and drowned many persons in the Mississippi and Ohio valleys.—*New York Sun.*

GOWNS AND HATS.

A Pretty Traveling Dress and a Pretty Summer Hat—How to Make Them.

This pretty gown is just the thing for packing in a trunk for traveling. It is to be made of fine woolen stuff, trimmed

with bought or self-made laces, for which many patterns have already been given in THE BLADE.

The chemisette fastened invisibly in front is of contrasting velvet, or the trimming stuff, the lining being lengthened after the fine lines given, and tied round the waist. The gown is cut, and caught in above and at the waist with strings to draw opposite ways. The sleeves are set in, and tied loosely at the wrist.

This illustration shows a pretty flat hat trimmed with feathers. Two long black ostrich feathers starting from the back are arranged round the edge of the flat brim

which is 5½ inches deep in front, 2¾ inches at the sides, and 1¾ at the back, and lined with black velvet. The crown is only 2 inches high. A bow of satin ribbon 3½ inches wide trims the top of the crown.

POINTS FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

How to Keep the Babies in Good Health in Hot Weather.

During the heated season the sickness and mortality among the children is so great as to overtax the resources of public and private charity. Self-help, however, on the part of parents may do a great deal to lessen the labors of the corps of physicians, and the following hints to mothers for preserving the health of the babies during the summer months are given by Dr. Edson, of the health department:

I.—NURSING OF INFANTS.

Overfeeding does more harm than anything else; nurse an infant a month or two old every two or three hours.

Nurse no infant of six months and over five times in 24 hours, and no more.

If an infant is thirsty, give it pure water or barley-water, no sugar.

On the hottest days a few drops of whisky may be added to either water or food, the whisky not to exceed a teaspoonful in 24 hours.

II.—FEEDING OF INFANTS.

Boil a teaspoonful of powdered barley (ground in coffee-grinder) and half-pint of water, with a little salt, for fifteen minutes: strain; then mix it with half as much boiled milk; add a lump of white sugar size of a walnut, and give it lukewarm from a nursing bottle. Keep bottle and mouthpiece in a bowl of water when not in use, to which a little soda may be added.

For infants five or six months old, give half barley-water and half boiled milk, with salt and a lump of sugar.

For older infants, give more milk than barley-water.

For infants very costive, give oatmeal instead of barley. Cook and strain as before.

When your breast-milk is only half enough, change off between breast-milk and this prepared food.

In hot weather, if blue litmus paper, applied to the food, turns red, the food is too acid, and you must make a fresh mess, or add a small pinch of baking-soda.

Infants of six months may have beef tea or beef soup once a day, by itself or mixed with other food, and when ten or twelve months old, a crust of bread and a piece of rare beef to suck.

No child under two years old ought to eat at your table.

Give no candies, in fact nothing that is not contained in these rules, without a doctor's orders.

III.—SUMMER COMPLAINT.

It comes from overfeeding and hot and foul air. Keep doors and windows open.

Wash your well children with cool water twice a day or oftener in the hot season.

Never neglect looseness of the bowels in an infant; consult the family or dispensary physician at once, and he will give you rules about what it should take and how it should be nursed. Keep your rooms as cool as possible, have them well ventilated, and do not allow any bad smell to come from sinks, privies, garbage boxes or gutters about the house where you live. See that your own apartments are right, and complain to your municipal board of health, if the neighborhood is offensive. When an infant is cross and irritable in the hot weather, a trip on the water will do it a great deal of good (ferryboat or steamboat) and may prevent cholera infantum.—*N. Y. World.*

—Work for workers! Are you ready to work, and do you want to make money? Then write to B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and see if they cannot help you.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

In England there are 500 deaths every year from delerium tremens alone.

Seven hundred women and children have been arrested within three months at four police stations in Chicago.

A non-partisan prohibitory league has been formed in Nebraska by a convention of four hundred prominent men assembled at Lincoln.

The real anarchist is the saloonist. But instead of shooting him or stringing him up we give him a charter as illimitable as the wind and make him an alderman.—*Rev. P. S. Henson, D. D.*

The National Brewers' convention held at Niagara Falls, June 6, appropriated $8,000 to be used in defeating constitutional prohibition—$2,000 for Dakota, $2,500 for Connecticut, and $3,500 for Rhode Island.

Three thousand penitentiary convicts and two hundred and eighty-five thousand occasional prisoners constitute a portion of the yearly crop of crime developed by the heat of intoxicating liquors and gathered in by the prisons of the United States.

Are you men? Then put away cowardly doubts of ability to enforce a law of your own making and strike a blow for purer government, cleaner politics and the everlasting overthrow of the worst business that ever degraded mankind.

The following from the Milwaukee *Sentinel* shows what kind of education the saloon system fosters: "At least six new school buildings are immediately necessary, but because there are so many saloons the taxpayers must support police and courts and jails and charitable institutions with their money. There are hundreds of children of school age in the city who are denied school privileges because we can not afford to put up more school buildings."

Indiana saloonkeepers are hot with indignation. The Grand Lodge Knights of Pythias assembled at Indianapolis, June 5, voted by two-thirds majority to exclude saloonkeepers from membership. The saloonkeepers and their friends immediately appealed to the Supreme Lodge. It is stated that nearly one-fourth of the order in Indiana is either identified with or in favor of the traffic, and that if the action of the state Grand Lodge is sustained, many will withdraw from the membership.

CURRENT COMMENT.

An Editor's Wealth.
Boston Herald.

Allen Thorndike Rice leaves an estate of about $10,000,000. This is more than the average editor leaves, and it might as well be said right here it is more than he wants to leave. If the average editor had $10,000,000, he would spent it on wood-cuts.

A Curious Idea.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. SUN—SIR:—In reply to Mr. Pollock I would say the reason why so many women get off street cars backward is because most women, and especially young and modest women, have an idea that by so doing they do not expose so much hosiery to the public gaze. A CLOSE OBSERVER.

Saloonists as Sabbatarians.
Chillicothe Leader.

We understand that the saloons of Chillicothe are very much opposed to Sunday base ball playing.

New Postage Rules.

The third postmaster general has recently rendered an important decision, to the effect that blank checks, drafts, legal, mercantile and insurance blank forms are classed as third-class matter, and may be mailed at one-half cent per ounce. Bill heads, letter heads, playing cards and blotting pads bearing advertisements must be paid for at one cent per ounce, as fourth-class matter.

The Phœnix Act.

The Troy *Times* has a commendable fondness for rightly applied energy and push, and echoes the sentiments of all of us when it says:

The manner in which Seattle pitches in to play in the Phœnix-like role of rising from its own ashes is a far better advertisement throughout the country than all its real estate agents and boomers generally ever conceived. Such a town as that is worth living in. Resurrection morning will be sure to find Seattle up, dressed and ready for the business of the day.

Sleeping Beauty.
Troy Times.

Those who doubt that sleep is conducive to beauty, should remember how worn a garment looks when it losses its nap.

Something to be Learned Yet.
Philadelphia Inquirer.

A steamer can now cover 500 odd miles in a day, but she hasn't yet learned the art of standing on her ends without causing tourists to wish they could walk home.

Henri Waterson's Practical Joke.
Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mudge—For Heaven's sake, Bosworth, have you been sandbagged or in a railroad accident?

Bosworth—Neither. I hid under the bed the other night to scare my wife.

Startling Comparison.

The Syracuse *Journal* says that "It took three days of hard fighting at Gettysburg to kill as many people as the flood killed in Pennsylvania in a few minutes," a statement that in a startling manner expresses the magnitude of the recent great disaster.

Respects to Cal Brice.

The New York *World* asks two conundrums that the Democracy will find it hard to answer:

What kind of a fight will the Democratic party be able to make in 1892, under the leadership of a millionaire railroad manipulator? Are the plutocrats to dominate the old-fashioned party of Thomas Jefferson, too?

Young-Man-Proud-of-His-Tail.
Chicago Tribune.

If ex-Governor Foster, of Ohio, should make up his mind to spring upon the market a superior quality of $3 shoe, he could turn to great advantage the free advertising the gifted Democratic editors are giving him.

The New York *Mail and Express* gives "All honor to Gen. Crook, our best and wisest mediator with the Indians, and their wisest and truest friend."

Bound to Accomplish Good.
Toronto Empire.

The employment of women as census takers in the United States is suggested. The spectacle of one woman telling her exact age to another woman could not fail to have a beneficial moral effect upon the whole community.

They have no Effect.

Just after the close of the celebrated Carter case in Chicago, the Philadelphia *Press* is moved to remark that

It appears as if the divorce crop had escaped both the late frosts and the drouth.

Reforming the Sisters.
Chicago Mail.

The German Baptists are going to reform the vanity and pride of sisters in the church. The conference has decided that the wearing of tight-fitting riding habits by the ladies is pernicious, and that the vanity indicated by carrying a gold watch is sufficient cause for expulsion from the church.

Wonder what the conference had to say about a long-stemmed pipe and a couple schoppen of beer.

Kansan Philosophy.
Atchison Globe.

There are times when people may be depended upon for kindness, patience and goodness; it is a great deal to say of a race that has been abused as much as ours, but it is true. We refer to times of sickness and death. The worst of us are good to the sick; Death may be in the room and have an eye on us.

Not Even Your Conchman,
New York Press.

Newspaper columns are burdened with stories of daughters of wealthy people who are decoyed from home by specious matrimonial villians, and after a few months' sad experiences return home filled with bitter stories. Moral: Never marry a man unless you know something about him.

Seasonably Admonitory.

The Buffalo *Express* has the interests of its readers at heart in this neat warning to would-be poets:

Pause, poet! Before you put that pen to paper to write verses on June are you sure you have anything to say about June that you couldn't say in prose? And have you any ideas on the subject that would enrich literature, anyway?

Tying the Pail to Mother Dog's Tail.
Detroit Free Press.

"Any man who accumulates over $10,000 should be made to divide," said Charles Spachs, a Milwaukee socialist, a few weeks ago. The other day he got a legacy of $16,000 from Belgium, and we trust that the strong arm of the law will step in and take $6,000 of it and divide it among the poor.

West Point Graduates in Order.

1. Eben E. Winslow, Massachusetts.
2. Albert M. D'Armitt, Iowa.
3. Clement F. Flegler, Iowa.
4. Chester Harding, Alabama.
5. William W. Harris, Illinois.
6. Robert McGregor, Michigan.
7. Edmund M. Blake, South Carolina.
8. John T. Martin, Ohio.
9. Francis W. Wilcox, Tennessee.
10. Wilmot E. Ellis, New Jersey.
11. William L. Kenley, jr., Maryland.
12. William G. Haar, Indiana.
13. Sidney S. Jordan, New Jersey.
14. Walter A. Betiel, Ohio.
15. Alvin H. Sydenham, Nebraska.
16. Benjamin Johnson, Mississippi.
17. Norris B. Barroll, Maryland.
18. Ralph Harrison, Missouri.
19. Delancey Nesrett, New York.
20. Edward F. McGlasklin, Wisconsin.
21. Archibald Campbell, New York.
22. John P. Haines, at large.
23. William Lassiter, Virginia.
24. George Le R. Irwin, Illinois.
25. Charles B. Hagadorn, New York.
26. Charles D. Rhodes, Ohio.
27. Harry B. Lee, Rhode Island.
28. Edwin V. Bookhalter, Ohio.
29. Alexander R. Piper, Idaho.
30. Eddis T. Winston, Tennessee.
31. Winthrop S. Wood, Maine.
32. George F. Langhorne, Virginia.
33. Ulysses G. Kemp, Ohio.
34. Matt R. Peterson, North Carolina.
35. Edward T. Cole, Pennsylvania.
36. William A. Phillips, Texas.
37. John R. M. Taylor, at large.
38. George W. Kerkman, Illinois.
39. Francis E. Lacey, Michigan.
40. Sidney A. Cloman, Ohio.
41. Charles Crawford, Kansas.
42. William S. Graves, Texas.
43. Frank D. Webster, Missouri.
44. Joseph D. Leitch, Nebraska.
45. Samuel Burkhardt, Illinois.
46. James R. Lowrie, Illinois.
47. Edward V. Steckham, New Jersey.
48. Clinton Barrios, Guatemala.

Cadet Young, the only colored lad in the battalion, failed to pass. He was deficient in engineering, and regretfully heard the announcement made. The board decided that he should, if he so desired, be given a re-examination in the fall, when he will stand another chance for becoming a United States army officer. He was fairly proficient in the other branches and has studied hard.

COTTON SEED.

It Is Homely, But It Is Getting There with Both Feet.

There is an astounding statement printed in the Atlanta *Constitution* to the effect that "The hulls of the cotton seed of the cotton states will produce more beef, butter, milk, and cheese, more wool and mutton than all the clover and blue grass of Tennessee, Kentucky and Ohio.

And yet it appears to be true. An Atlanta firm fattened 5,300 beeves last year on cotton seed hulls at a profit of $20,000. Two train loads of these beeves were shipped from Atlanta to Philadelphia and sold there in competition with Chicago beef. This same firm will fatten 10,000 steers next winter.

Joel Chandler Harris, an authority on fox-hounds, bees, and Jerseys, is feeding his herd on cotton-seed hulls, and says the result in milk, butter, and beef is amazing. In the *Southern Farm*, W. M. Towers, of Rome, writes of a test between corn, cotton-seed meal, and cotton-seed hulls, in which the latter produced vastly better results.

And yet until a year ago cotton-seed hulls were used as fuel to engines or cast away as worthless. Of all the plants that grow cotton is the miracle, and its wonders are not yet tried. Its little black wrinkled seed is as full of meaning as an old Hebrew verse.

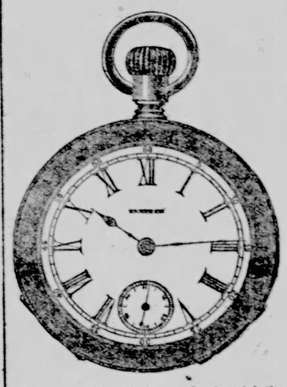
The Wealth of France.

During the debate on the French budget, M. Rouvier, the minister of finance, adduced facts to show that France was by no means on the verge of ruin. Public wealth and prosperity, he said, had grown, as well as the budget. Deposits at the banks amounted to 910,000,000 francs, and the capital embarked in shares and other French industrial undertakings showed since 1876 an increase of 7,000,000,000 francs. The deposits in the savings banks amounted to 2,280,000,000 francs, belonging to 6,492,000 depositors. That was a sufficient answer to the gloomy picture that had been drawn of the situation.

Rev. James McAden, the oldest Methodist minister in the South, died recently in Brunswick county, Va., in his 95th year. He had been in the ministry for 75 years.

Publishers' Column.

THE WEEKLY BLADE AND TRENTON WATCH.



The demand for a better grade of watch than heretofore supplied with the BLADE, has forced us to discard the watches recently offered with the BLADE at $4.00 and $4.25, and look for something better. After a careful investigation we have decided to use the Trenton watch, which is, without doubt, the best watch for the money in the United States. It is a stem winder and stem setter. Unlike other stop watches, it can be repaired by any jeweler. For a club of 15 yearly subscribers sent at one time with $15, we will send this watch free, or will send WEEKLY BLADE one year and a Trenton watch for $5.

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

WASHINGTON ENTERING NEW YORK.

We have a few more copies of the above engraving on hand. Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. THE BLADE,
Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portrait which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address
BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address
THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

ANOTHER NEW PICTURE.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur.

This wonderful picture, the masterpiece of the greatest animal painter the world has ever seen, has been on exhibition in nearly all the cities of Europe, and after being owned by A. T. Stewart and W. H. Vanderbilt, America's greatest millionaires, has now been placed on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

The spirit, action and strength here represented have never before been equaled on canvas, and the picture stands alone as the greatest and most life-like painting of horses ever produced. We are now handling a most exquisite reproduction of this painting (size 20x34) and not only does it trival the line engraving in clearness of execution but it also has all the tones and tints of the original painting. This masterpiece should be in every home as it is an art education to be able to see and study the figures, and no one should neglect this exceptionally advantageous opportunity of securing a copy of this wonderful and world renowned picture Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address, The BLADE, Toledo, O.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been selling for $5.00 per copy, and upon the sale of his collection it was bought by Cornelius Vanderbilt for $60,000 and presented by him to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where it is daily surrounded by groups of admirers. We are now handling a magnificent reproduction of this picture, printed on heavy plate paper, 24 inches long, by 20 wide, which embraces not only all the beauty of a fine steel engraving, but enriches and intensifies the effect by combining a number of other tones and tints so as to give the finest result yet attained by any known process. As a noted critic has said of it, you may gaze at this picture a hundred times a day and each time see some new beauty to please you, and some unexpected point of strength to excite your admiration.

Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

"CHRIST ON CALVARY."

The Companion Piece to "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE."

THE original of this picture is one of the second great religious masterpieces which the wonderful Hungarian artist, Munkacsy, has produced. He was three years painting it. "Christ Before Pilate" first appeared to the public gaze in 1881, and "Christ on Calvary" is the most the last in the dreadful tragedy of Christ's passion. On the crosses at each side hang the malefactors. One appears already dead, but the penitent

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

WORDS FOR DISCOURAGED PEOPLE.

Fear of Failure is What Invites Its Approach—Ridicule and Doubt Should Move No One From Good Purposes.

I MET her upon the street a few weeks ago, a weary, dispirited woman, to whom the gladness of the spring, expressed in the outburst of life clothing the bare earth and skeleton trees in soft robes of beauty; in the blossoming flowers with fragrant breath; in the songs of birds returned from the land of perpetual summer, all seemed the veriest mockery, since to her came nothing but disappointment and failure.

"I cannot see why I do not succeed," she said; "I work hard day after day, week after week, but do not seem to get ahead any, and I have about given up expecting that I ever shall. In fact, I have thought from the beginning there was not much use of my trying when there are so many others who want to do the same thing."

Ah yes, my friend, there is just where the trouble comes in. You did not expect to succeed from the first. You invited the genius of failure to accompany you always by allowing his presence and giving him entertainment. With his whisperings in your ear, how can you expect your work to bear fruit? With only a half faith in the efficacy of your efforts, what is there to give them force and permanency, what to direct them in the best way to bring desired results?

FEAR OF FAILURE.

I tell you, my friend, man or woman, as I have told you before, and others who, like you, see always the cloud but never the sunshine that is shining always beyond, that it is this *fear* of failure that brings it to you. You gather every adverse influence by admitting it, and give it strength to paralyze you. Cast out fear. Go straight on in the path you have marked out for yourself, and a measure of success will come to you. It may not be to-day or to-morrow, but it is sure sometime. It may not be exactly as you have hoped for or expected, but it will be a permanent good. Meanwhile your hopeful, earnest, determined effort will bring to you *now* each day, a happiness greater, perhaps, than the object of your strivings will bring when it is reached.

Then another thing. If what you are working for is a real good, as you believe it to be, let no ridicule or doubting turn you from your purpose. Of course you do not want to allow any sudden enthusiasm to run away with you, but when you have weighed a thing carefully and found it to your judgment desirable, then go right forward unmoved to its gaining. Here is a little thing by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, entitled "Gaining Ground," published in the *Woman's Journal*, and written probably with reference to woman suffrage, but it will apply to individual aspirations as well as to a "cause."

"Let those laugh who will about it,
All their laughter is but sound,
Let who will pretend to doubt it;
Still the cause is gaining ground.

Just so sure as yearly ploughing
Turns the furrow for the yield,
Just so sure as broadcast sowing
Brings a harvest to the field.

Just so sure all true endeavor,
In despite of adverse fate,
Used in any line whatever,
Brings an answer soon or late.

Do not think your star is waning,
Weary worker; never fear!
Yes, the cause is gaining, gaining,
Surely gaining year by year."

COURAGE IS POWER.

Take courage then. Remember that, no matter how it may appear, how full the world seems to be of evil, the real, the enduring, the eternal is all good, and that it will come to you just in proportion as you have faith in its reality. And just in the measure that you allow yourself to indulge in discouragement, as you allow your thought to dwell upon failure, as you believe in the mastery of evil over the good will come weakness. Here is a good thing which Prentice Mulford writes regarding this:

"That cry for 'rest for the soul' or 'rest of the spirit' which goes up unheard from thousands to-day, and which involves at times a weariness and even disgust for life, comes entirely of weariness of mind, and consequent weariness of body through mental habits and status of mind unconsciously formed, leading to exhaustion and depletion of life's forces, and such exhaustion and depletion are the causes of disease, inability to enjoy life, or attain success in life."

And again: To say you can't is to commit one of the violations of the law for using and enjoying the best goods of this world. To say "I can" and "I will" is to put yourself within reach of the thought-current which will bring success to you.

* * * When you are confident, determined, pushing, hopeful, and buoyant, and, above all, your business is based on RIGHT and JUSTICE, the world will feel you as a rising man. It will feel you before it knows you personally. It is the unseen world of thought which so feels you. Your thought is then in the current of success, like current which constructs, builds up, and accomplishes results. It is a literal unseen force or element acting for success, and acting on and with other minds putting out the same forces and with similar results."

If this idea of the unseen power of thought is a new one to you, and you cannot quite re 've it, there is enough beside to convince you of the necessity of a hopeful, buoyant spirit, in order to accomplish what you wish. If you think over the people you know, you will find that those who are always saying "Just my luck," whenever any little disappointment comes, are not the fortunate, successful ones in life. Then if you watch your own labor, you will find that you accomplish twice as much when you bring to the task in hand a courageous, happy frame of mind, determined to have the best results possible.

GREAT PROGRESS.

Turning away from individuals, look at every great revolution resulting in progress for humanity and see how this same principle has obtained. In the beginning there would seem to be scarcely a shadow of possibility of success. Ridicule, contempt, and often and often personal abuse would attend its promoters, but pursuing their way with unyielding determination and confidence in the righteousness of their cause, it would grow and wax in strength until success was assured. That was the story of the abolition of slavery. It is true now of all the great movements looking to the good of humanity.

Take courage! Carry it into your every-day life. Do not imagine that because your duties are confined to a narrow circle the rule does not apply to you. The spirit with which you approach your work determines its measure of good effect. Some prominent woman who has been a power, says that she early learned that she could make a success or failure of washing dishes by going about it in a right or wrong way. She could put even into that prosaic employment an element of cheerful thought that divested it of drudgery.

Dismiss doubt, and fear, and despondency from whatever you are doing. They are the elements which will bring you failure. They will deaden your brain and palsy your hand, and, indulged in habitually, the object of your ambition will recede with your health and happiness into the dim distance of the unattainable future.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

To the Members of the HOUSEHOLD—Next month will begin, as is stated elsewhere, a story, "The Demagogue," which was the last literary work of Mr. D. R. Locke, so well known to you as "Nasby." In order that it may be widely read, as it should be, it is hoped that each member of the HOUSEHOLD will make it a matter of personal interest to send to us as many names of persons who do not take THE BLADE as possible, in order that specimen copies containing the announcement of the story may be sent for their perusal.—ED.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

IF THE lovers of fancy work would take the pains to cut out the descriptions of articles which they admire, there would be fewer requests for repetition. Try it and see.

PRACTICAL DESIGNS FOR FABRIC PRINTING—BORDER FOR PIANO COVER—PINK CACTUS.—No. of pattern, 1,227; size, seven inches wide. After a long illness and relapse, I am able to take up my work in this department again. Lady readers of THE BLADE who have my catalogues of stamping patterns, will confer a great favor by loaning them to me (when postage will be refunded) until I can get out the new edition. Those who can spare them will please send at once.

A handsome quality of bronze green or grey felt or billiard cloth will be suitable for this design. Stamp only one length of the pattern at a time, as this will be more convenient for you in painting. Use white powder. I will give a recipe below which can be filled at the druggists.

1 oz white lead, ½ oz white sugar, ¼ oz gum arabic in fine powder, ½ oz white resin in the fine powder; all well mixed.

Fold and pin the goods up smoothly, except the portion stamped. Fasten this to the painting board with thumb tacks. One bottle pale drying oil, French bristle brushes Nos. 2, 4 and 7, and the following tube colors will be needed: Double tube silver white, one tube lemon yellow, one tube rose madder, one tube geranium lake, one tube light zinnaber green, one tube chrome green; begin by mixing a quantity of white; add a few drops of drying oil to render the paints perfectly smooth; give your flowers, leaves and stems one coat of white; let this dry and then retouch in the following manner: Make up a delicate shade of pink by adding a little rose madder to white. Use this on the cactus petals, with an occasional very light touch of pure geranium lake. For the leaves and stems make up two shades of green; add, for one shade, a little lemon-yellow to chrome green and another green; an utter occasional touch of white adds to the beauty of the leaves; make the stamens of lemon yellow, using a fine brush. Do not put them in until your other work is dry.—MRS. E. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Randolph County, Ind.

PILLOW SHAMS.—Make eight strips of cheese cloth, each 33 inches long, and 6 inches wide, run a very narrow hem on each side, and a little wider one in each end. Baste four of them on strips of paper, side by side, leaving a little space between. Herring-bone stitch them together with split zephyr. I used rose color. Finish the edges with some pretty lace. I made a light comfort or spread to match, with 10 yards cheese cloth, and 2 pounds cotton, tacked with zephyr to match. They are real pretty. MRS. L.

PRETTY THINGS.—I want to tell you how many useful and ornamental things you can make with gold or bronze paint. There are directions on the package for using. I took a high-pointed hat crown and gilded it to hang on the corner of my sewing machine, to catch my scraps as I trim my sewing or cut a garment. I lined it with dark blue silicia, or a silk handkerchief would make a nice lining.

I made another basket of my husband's last summer's straw hat. I scalded it and bent it down on each side and before and behind, and sewed a stout wire around the edge and lined it with blue. I used straw colored ribbons to hang it by. You can use anything you have that contrasts.

I gilded an old iron inkstand until it is a pretty ornament.—MRS. H. E. ILIFF, Bridgeport, Saline Co., Kas.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ch sl, close chain stiten; d ch st, doublechain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble. c, short crochet.

WHEEL TIDY.—A little more than 3 spools of 36 cotton required. Make 16 large wheels, join 4 in a row, sewing 3 shells of each wheel together overseam. This leaves a space between the wheels; make 9 little wheels, beginning same as the large ones, stopping when you get to the 10 chain, and sew them into the spaces—ch 6 —join with s c to form a ring; into this put 16 d c. 1st row—between 1st and 2nd st make 3 d c—ch 3—3 d c—in same st ch 3—3 d c between 3rd and 4th sts. ch 3—3 d c in same st, and so on until you get around, skipping every other st; this makes 8 sh; join with s c in top of 1st sh. Do not put the needle in top of st, but in the space between the stitches; 2nd row—3 d c in centre of 1st ch 3—3 d c in same place—1 d c caught down in the 1st row—3 d c in second sh—ch 3—3 d c in same place—1 d c caught down in 1st row—and so on around, joining with s c in top of sh; 3rd row—1 d c in center of sh—ch 10—1 d c in center of next sh—ch 10—and so on around again, joining with s c; have 8 of these 10 ch; 4th row—now in 1 d c in every st of these 10 chains—continue around—1 d c in every st—4 times around the wheel; 8th row—3 d c—ch 3—3 d c in same st—miss 3—ch 3—3 d c—ch 3—3 d c in same st, and so on around making 23 shs; 9th row—3 d c in center of sh—ch 3—3 d c in same sh—ch 3—3 d c in center of next sh—ch 3—3 d c in same sh—ch 3—so on around; 10th row—3 d c in center of sh ch 3—3 d c in same sh—ch 1—1 d c catching up both rows of chs below it—ch 1—3 d c in center of next sh, ch 3—3 d c in same sh—ch 1—1 d c, catching up ch below it as before—pull thread through stitch to finish it off.—"BLUE EYES."

CORRESPONDENCE.

DRESSING THE BABY.—Let us not be quick to condemn methods that are not just like those we use, but remember what would be just the thing for one person, would not suit another at all.

Baby's health does not depend so much upon the dressing, as it does upon the mother's health. Give the little one a sickly mother, and the very best hygienic clothing will be of but little use.

Mothers, pay more attention to your own clothing and health. Let baby be brought into this world with a good constitution, have a healthy, good-tempered mother, one who will take the best of care of her health and strength, and baby will be apt to thrive, no matter how he is clothed.

But we wish to make the little ones comfortable, and we also take a pride in their clothing.

While many, I presume, will be pleased with the methods that have been given, perhaps a few will like my way better.

Do not let the first garment be flannel. There are many people who cannot wear flannel next to the body. It surely must be very unpleasant for baby, so let the first garment be made of fine cambric, or, what is better still, soft nainsook. Make these quite long, so that they will cover the whole body, and have them button on the shoulder. Baby will not need to wear a band longer than three or four weeks. Make these of flannel, about four inches wide and fourteen inches long. Put these on over the cotton shirt.

Next comes the flannel shirt, with long sleeves, and made quite long, buttoned at the neck in front; the extra width lapped over at the bottom and pinned to the diapers; this adds warmth and keeps both shirt and diapers in place.

Then comes the flannel skirt, cut like a plain "slip," except lower in the neck, and without sleeves. This buttons in the back, as does also the little wrapper, which, made of cambric or muslin, will do very well. Then the diaper of cotton flannel, cotton hose and little bottees and baby is dressed for the day, quickly, neatly, comfortably and in garments that are easily made, washed, dried and ironed.

As baby grows older and wishes to see and be seen, the wrapper will be used for night dresses, and the day dress take its place.

These are prettiest made with circular or square yoke, and have the advantages of other styles, as they are not quickly outgrown.

The number of garments in baby's outfit, and the material will depend altogether upon circumstances but have enough so that he can always be kept neat and clean, and this can be done with a much less number than is generally considered necessary.

Starching baby's dresses is a practice that is generally condemned, but I see no reason why it should be. The dresses remain clean longer, are more easily ironed and look much better. It saves the mother work, and the dresses do not touch baby at all, except around the neck and bottom of sleeves, but these parts can be left unstarched.

I will give further information to any one desiring it, who will write to me enclosing stamp. I will also send some of the patterns of garments mentioned.

If the lady who wished a pattern for pillow shams will write to me enclosing stamp I'll send her a pretty pattern.—MRS. CLARA MERRITT, Wilder, Minn.

USEFUL HINTS.—When one wishes to break ice into small bits, the easiest way is to take a large pin (a large needle with a sealing-wax head will do), and press it firmly into the ice. It will chip off easily, and is less trouble than to use a hammer. Sometimes one gets rust upon table linen, towels, etc., and perhaps all may not know that it can be taken out by dampening the spot with lemon juice, sprinkling on salt, and placing in the sun. Cream of tartar or citric acid will do, when lemon juice is not at hand. This is the remedy for mildew, which can be taken out by wetting the spots, rubbing on soap and then dusting on common starch. Spread out in sun.

Let me tell you how to sew on buttons so they will stay. Put the knot under the button, and place a darning needle under the button so that the thread will be loose. When you have sewed it through enough times, wind the thread around so as to form a stout stem. Fasten the thread well upon the under side. The Chinese laundryman will have a hard time to get them off.

Perhaps you have a very dirty ingrain carpet and do not know how to wash it. Rip into breadths and take one end over the kitchen table, and scrub with a brush and mop and water. When the whole length has been gone over, place it in a tub of warm water with either some salt or ox gall in it. Take your tub under your line, and hang it up without ringing. It should be soused up and down in the water. The gall freshens up the colors wonderfully. It can be prepared by putting a gall into a quart bottle, adding a handful of salt, and filling up with water. Half a cupful of alcohol can be used instead of salt. A few spoonfuls added to rinse water for delicate lawn satins and prints will keep the colors bright. Should you wash a faded brussels carpet, when dry go over the leaves and flowers with a solution of Diamond dyes with a small swab or brush. It will freshen it up very much. Rags can in this way be made almost as bright as when new.—MONTANA MAY.

ABOUT HAPPINESS.—With the approval of the editress, I would like to give a few of my thoughts on what constitutes the happiness of this life. How wide a range for thought, and how little can I express here what I feel and think upon the subject. No one can deny but that our own organizations make or mar our happiness. Harmony! That one word expresses it all. If we are in harmony with our surroundings we are happy. Our happiness depends upon what we are constituted to appreciate, and whether we are gratified in that line. If our leading trait is love of money, we are only happy when we possess it; the miser has this trait developed almost to the exclusion of every thing else; his happiness is in money alone.

If our leading trait is a love of the truly beautiful, our chief delight consists in the contemplation of the beautiful works of nature and art, and while gazing upon a beautiful landscape we are filled with a soul uplifting feeling of harmony that may well express the words "Nearer My God To Thee." So on through all the different traits of character and need I speak of that greatest of all delights, that soul harmony felt between two human beings when they love each other with a soul love, when casting aside material things, soul speaks to soul. Happy indeed the pair capable of feeling such a love. We should ever endeavor to cultivate a delight in that which is spiritual and soul-uplifting, that which is of eternal life. Carnal pleasures must all die, but those that are spiritual have eternal life, and if we are the temples of God, and the spirit of God dwelleth in us, let us not dethrone that God within us, but encourage his reign by cultivating a love of the good, the pure, the true, and that beautiful, which leads to spiritual life.—MATTIE CORY, Fremont, Ind.

TO AN AMBITIOUS GIRL.

BY R. L. MORPHEW (O. O. L)

When you view a grand lady attired in gay splendor,
And your heart's filled with envy and deep adoration—
Look you well first and note if there's *sense* in her costume,
(Either beauty or use) ere you give approbation.

'Tis no matter how costly the "tricks" you discover,
Nor what multitudes follow with praises and passion;
If she wears what you like, or shows charming behavior,
Why, excel her—but not for the sake of "the fashion!"

If her colors become her, and all suit each other;
All her gems representing but fruits and clean flowers,
Or fair stars, or pure objects that no one objects to—
Then rival her make-up with all of your powers.

If her manner is stately, yet artless and gentle,
And her voice clear and earnest in soft conversation,
All her words in pure English, no slang ever marring,
You may find her full worthy a queen's observation!

INQUIRIES.

Amy M. Walker, will you explain more about the sunrise quilt, as I don't quite understand? After you have the 40 green on, do you put another row of green before you commence with red to form the points of the star? Do you cut the points of the star all together, or do you piece them, and how many blocks for a quilt!—MRS. C. R. E.

Will some member give directions for making water guard of hair? I once knew, but have forgotten. I would like directions for crocheting gentleman's scarf of Germantown wool, what is known as shell work. It was published in THE BLADE four or five years ago, but mine was lost in moving before I had time to commit them to memory.—A WESTERN GIRL.

Will some one living near the sea shore be so kind as to send me some sea shells of different kinds? I will gladly pay postage, and also pay them for their trouble. Address Bessie Wolfenbarger, Cornwall, Idaho.

Will some sister of the HOUSEHOLD tell me how fruits can be preserved without sealing them up hermetically?—MAY O'C.

MRS. Vanness would like it if some of the readers of the BLADE would send first, a good recipe for making strawberry, raspberry and blackberry jam; second, recipe for making syrups for flavoring drinks from the same fruits; third, a good way to cleanse barrels and kegs that have been used for cider, so they can be used and not have the taste and smell of cider.

Will the lady who wrote about extracting oil from hickory nuts, in BLADE of May 16, be so kind as to inform several interested readers in this column how it is done? or, give her address so that I may write to her in regard to it? Was there a mistake in saying *three* tablespoonfuls were extracted from half a cup of kernels? Could there be so much?

Can any one give a good cake recipe in which water is used in place of milk? (Not sponge cake.) If any of the sisters have ever been to Chautauqua, will they please state when is the best time to go, and give some idea of the cost of boarding, rent of rooms, etc., and whether persons could rent a room at a reasonable rate, and lunch or board themselves, and what the probable cost of such living would be? Have heard expenses are very high and wish to learn something definite from one who has been there.—A SUBSCRIBER.

A practical article with regard to this matter will be welcome.—ED.

MRS. Nettie Niles, New Era, Oceana Co., Mich.; Miss Sada M. Thompson, Box 116, Plainfield, Mich.; Sarah Frizzell, Lost Valley, Oregon; Nellie Hall, Konantz, Stanton Co., Kansas; Mrs. L. K. Hensley, Muscatine, Iowa; Mrs. D. C. Collis, Freedom, Illinois; would all like contributions of pieces to make a BLADE crazy quilt.

I would like to know how to take out mildew from clothing.—ANNIE E. SMITH, Mack's Bottom, West Virginia.

I will be much pleased if some one will tell me how to clean soiled undressed kid gloves, and also a cure for pimples and blackheads on the face, which has been tried.—M. E. S.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Mollie C. You can make a very pretty outside garment for traveling out of alapaca. It is light, and the dust falls off when you give it a little shake, nor is it expensive. Of course it would not be heavy enough for anything but summer wear. ED.

Sylvia Livingston, Alanthos Grove, Md.—Get some one to write for you to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and they will send you information about silk-worm raising. ED.

Mrs. B.—Some good breakfast dishes are given in *Table-Talk* as follows: Broiled sweetbreads, broiled calf's liver, broiled chops, broiled steak, broiled chicken, very thin veal cutlets, blanched and broiled, fricasse of dried beef, broiled tomatoes on toast, broiled fresh fish, Beauregard eggs, poached eggs, shirred eggs, omelets of various kinds, broiled tripe, tripe with cream sauce, fried perch, fillets of flounder, rice croquettes with tomato sauce, ham croquettes, stewed potatoes, baked potatoes, scalloped potatoes, broiled potatoes, brown hashed potatoes, fruits of all kinds, popovers, made from both white and Graham flour, rye-meal muffins, quick muffins, waffles, rice waffles, rice muffins, corn muffins, milk biscuit and griddle cakes of various kinds. ED.

I cannot understand why Mrs. Augusta J. Gould should have sent me a stamped envelope for ivy leaf lace. In the first place I never heard of any lace of that name, and I never offered to send it to any one, and what is more, I never received the letter containing the stamped envelope she says she wrote me months ago. Had I received it I would have at once returned it, as I could not have furnished her with a sample of lace I never even heard of. Regarding the "English point," I shall fulfill my promises, but it takes some time to crochet about two hundred samples, and I cannot pay my whole attention to it, as I have my household duties to perform. —ADELE M. DEERING.

"LILLIE"—I dress my little boy in blue calico, made plain waist, buttoned in front and a seam in the back to make it fit better. Plait or gather the skirt and sew to waist. Finish the neck with a flat or a sailor collar with a white edge. You will like this better than gingham. That fades so much.

For the little babe, when it creeps, have creeping drawers to slip on over its clothes. Make them like a child's night drawers, to button down the back.

"Constant Reader"—Give your day lily plenty of sun and water. It will bloom late in August. BERTA.

If "Mrs. A. B. M." Dalsura, San Diego, Cal., will send her name to Mrs. A. E. French, Sheridan, Placer county, Cal., I think I can give her some information in regard to climate for weak lungs.

Tell Cora Bilderback to wash the tar on her dress with gasoline, and say to "Brier Rose" that it will clean her white ribbon. "De Vere Fero," tell us some more about picture embroidery. — BLUE BELL, Oak Grove, Ill.

Please inform Mrs. "E. L. F.," and others wanting cacti, that I will send rooted plants of three kinds, natives of this state, and very hardy. Also, slips of several cereuses, phyllocactus, queen and partridge breast cactus, also aloes. I shall want the postage paid or something of equal value in flowers or house plants. Peony roots or lilies, any kind of bulbs or choice geraniums, begonia, hoya, heliotrope, cyclamen. As there are no green houses near here, almost any kind of flowers will be acceptable.—A. E. MCKINNEY, Burwell, Garfield county, Neb.

ENTERTAINMENT.

FOURTH OF JULY SOCIABLE.—The hall or church, where this is to be given, must be decorated inred, white and blue. Stripe of cheese cloth of the three colors are sewed together and are festooned around the walls. Where the festoons are fastened are bunches of small flags and streamers of red, white and blue paper or cloth. Flags are put in every imaginable place. The booth, where fancy work is sold, has a canopy of blue muslin with large silver paper stars upon it. The lamps are hung with tri-colored tassels and mottoes. The girls are dressed as patriotically as possible. Singing and playing of patriotic music should be introduced at intervals, and historic tableaux with colored lights are very effective, and quite easily gotten up. Let me here put in a word of caution; be very careful not to set anything afire, or to get your clothes ignited, for I once saw an entertainment brought to a tragic ending. Flowers should be used in profusion.

MENU.

Sandwiches. Cake. Ice Cream.
Strawberries. Lemonade.
Iced Tea.

The latter should be decorated in red, white and blue flowers, and tiny flags. The cakes are iced in colors, to represent banner and flags. The decorations of the tables and hall can be varied to suit the place and means, to use flags, red, white and blue draperies, etc.

A military drill can be introduced with good effect. Tableaux can be of historic character. One can represent Columbia and Uncle Sam. Another can represent the United States, and be composed of the required number of young ladies, dressed in appropriate costumes. "The Red, White and Blue" can be sung with fine effect by three young ladies in separate colors, and a chorus of 24 girls, six being dressed in each color. They should stand upon a fence so that each row is above the last one. There are only a few suggestions, as it would be hard to give an entire programme that would be liable to meet the means or requirements of all. It can be a very good affair as a very simple one.—MONTANA MAY.

RECIPES.

ROUND GINGER SNAPS.—1 cupful of brown sugar, 1 cupful of molasses, 1 cupful of butter, 2 teaspoonfuls of ginger, 1 teaspoonful of soda dissolved in ¼ cupful of water, and flour enough to mix very stiff. The amount of flour is hard to tell as there is a great difference in it, but you can not get them too stiff. Then do not roll them as thin as cookies. Cut with a small, round cutter and bake in a brisk oven, taking care not to burn them. Try these and I think you will be pleased. My children think "Mamma's ginger snaps" are better than the baker's because we know how they are made."

DRESSING FOR LETTUCE.—Have the lettuce crisp and tender, place in a dish and sprinkle on a little salt, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar; then take 1 large teacupful of thick, sweet cream, and if your vinegar is not too strong, use ½ cupful of that, mixing the cream and vinegar well together; then pour over the lettuce. Some use the same dressing for cold slaw by cutting the cabbage very fine and using a little more salt than for lettuce.

If MRS. G. M. D. will try the recipe for muskmelon pickles in THE BLADE of May 23, I think she will be pleased. I have used that, with the best of success, for five years. Have any of the HOUSEHOLD ever tried drying tomatoes? If so with what success? Mrs. IDA SCHNELLBACHER, Lake City, Iowa.

PASTE THAT WILL KEEP A YEAR.—Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a quart of warm water. When cold stir in as much flour as will make it the consistency of thick cream, being particular to beat up all the lumps, stir in as much powdered resin as will stand on a dime, and put in a few drops of clove oil. Have on the fire a ½ pt. boiling water, pour the flour mixture into it stirring well all the time. In a few minutes it will be of the consistency of mush. Pour it into an earthen or china vessel, let it cool, lay a cover on and put in a cool place. When needed for use take out a portion and soften it with warm water.

RAILROAD CAKE—Break 2 eggs in a cup and fill up with sweet cream, 1 cupful of sugar, 1½ cupful flour, 1 teaspoonful of cream of tartar, 1 teaspoonful soda, a little salt. Flavoring to suit the taste.—KANSAS KATE.

DANDY CAKE.—Two cupfuls sugar, not quite 2-3 cupful butter; 3 cupfuls flour; 1 cupful sweet milk; 3 eggs; 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Stir well together, put 2-3 in two pans and to remainder add 3 tablespoonfuls molasses; ¾ teaspoonful cloves; ⅔ teaspoonful cinnamon; ⅔ cupful each raisins and currants. Bake in open pan. This is for the middle cake. Put together with frosting and frost the top. This cake is well worthy its name, for it is a dandy. NAOMI.

CREAM PIE.—E. H. was asking for a cream pie recipe in THE BLADE of May 16, therefore I send one which I think is excellent, and hope all THE BLADE sisters that like something good to eat will try it. Cut into a single crust a lump of butter, half the size of an egg; then take 2 eggs and beat well, and stir into them 1 cupful of sugar, then pour into this enough thin sweet cream to make one quart of the mixture, which is sufficient for one square pie. Empty this into the butter in the crust and sprinkle over this 1 tablespoonful of flour, then grate nutmeg over the whole and bake. The butter melts and rises to the top making, when cold, a partial crust on the top of the pie.—AN OREGON WOMAN.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

SALINA, O.
Albion Stinchfield
Winona Stinchfield
Irma Stinchfield

MOUND CITY, S. DAK.
Ellen Wheeler
Clyde Wheeler
Edith Sanger
Wm Hadlec
Minnie Crockett

MARSHALL, MO.
James Crockett
Edward Crockett
Charley Crockett
Willie E Crockett

LISBON, N. DAK.
Roy M Blood
Frank P Blood
Lawrence R Porter
Anna A White
Edith B Porter
Mabel White
Mary Olson

MADISON, KAS.
Mabell Filer
Marshall Q Starr
Mary Storey
John F Roades
Will Allen
Sam Allen
Maude Roades
Cyrus Kipp
Amanda Chambers
Ray O Ames, M D
S S Ames
W W Webb
Charles McIlvain
Ervin Hunsperger
Fred O French
W W Slade
J O Harmon
J L Taylor
W H Stroud
F W Kennedy
John Smith
C H Holton
Frank Orson
Walter Harris
Louis Fellay
Ella Hoyt
May White
W W Holton

SOUTH FAIRFIELD, MICH.
Clayton E White

RED HILL, LA.
Theophilis V Taylor
Talula E Taylor
Wm R Taylor
Thomas D Taylor
Benjamin I Taylor
Lufena A Taylor
Talmago F Taylor

FAOLI, IND.
Johnny Holmes
Fordie Wilson
George W Moore
Child Lindley
Charley A Stout
Addie Stout
Iden Moore
Eva C Armstrong
Elvis Stout
Ida B Armstrong
Gideon Wilson
Almeda Lindley
Minnie B Moore
Josie Ogdon
Elsie Moore
Nettie J Lindley
Nellie F Moore
Mary Lindley
Edith Peyton
Nellie Lindley
Milea L Bundy
Addie Lindley
Mabel Lindley
Cora Lindley
Daisy White
Nell Montgomery
Maud Leonard
Minnie Brown
Lillie Alderson
Mattie McBride
Addie Cox
Harry D Maris
Eddie W Jones
Emmet Ireland
Tompy Slaton
Henry Cottingore
Arthur Trueblood
May Trueblood
Bobby Maris
Bertie Hill
Pearl Lindley

Names this week, 96. Total 27,018.

The above embraces all names received up to June 14.

BIRDIE'S WOOING.

MARY S. WOODMAN.

"O, Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!
Dear,
Come here!
From the topmost bough of this sunlit tree,
Where I rock and sing,
And sing
To thee, love, to thee.

The Earth looks fair as summer land,
And the gold-crowned dandelions, fanned
By the breath of the South,
Soft as the kiss of a baby's mouth,
Quiver with ecstacy where they stand.
Dear,
Come here,
To the swaying tip of this chestnut tree,
I have something to say to thee.

Dear, dear!
The world is wide, and the world is bright,
And the earth sings back to the morning light,
As I, love, to thee.
Man's ears are dull to the tiny sound
Under the ground,
Of flowers pricking toward the sun,
And fail of dew when the day is done.
We hear,
We hear,
And our hearts are bursting with jubilant glee,
As we sit and sing,
And sing,
On the top of the chestnut tree.
Listen, dear!
The world is wide, and somewhere it holds—
Perhaps in this tree—
Shady and safe 'neath the leafy dome,
A place just fit for a birdie's home,
Why not for thee and me?

Bird-wings are beating
The fragrant air,
Bird-songs are greeting
The daisies fair,
And love and the sunlight are everywhere.
Dear,
God made the world for thee and me,
And me, love, for thee."

—*Woman's Magazine.*

BREEN.

BY CELIA PERRY.

BREEN was just sixteen years old. Twelve happy summers had flown over her head since that first forgotten one long ago, when she crawled all over the floor in the little honeysuckle-wreathed cottage out in the green country, and was named after its maiden mistress, great aunt Belinda.

I say twelve, because three years ago something terrible had happened to Breen.

Before that time, she had been a cheerful and merry little maiden, with dancing blue eyes and a thick plait of brown curly hair that bobbed up and down as she flew busily from one thing to another, singing bird-songs in a bird-like voice that was a marvel to all who heard it.

"Breen is most certainly take lessons," her father was wont to say as her restless bits of fingers wandered over the great piana-forte, improvising the sweetest bits of melody, set to quaint bits of verses, all bubbling up from the pure depths of her happy heart and brain. So it was all arranged that on her fourteenth birthday Breen should become the pupil of a famous vocalist and composer, when all at once the terrible thing happened that I have spoken of.

For four long weeks she lay battling with that dread foe—diphtheria,—and when at last she emerged, white and weak, from the conflict, and proved her self conqueror, it was discovered that her beautiful voice was ruined forever. Breen was deaf. For life, the doctor said.

Not a dreadful blank deafness, but one that would fluctuate with the calm and excitement of her nervous system. She could still hear the birds sing, but when she touched the piano it was all one horrid mingling of meaningless sounds. She might often catch the faintest of whispers, and yet be unable to understand a word of a remark uttered in the loudest of tones.

Poor Breen! That was what everyone said, and yet to Breen herself, sitting up stairs in the darkened room, with her throat and ears bandaged, trying to shut out with her ten thin fingers that ceaseless, monotonous, tormenting roar, like the sound of summer surf upon the shore, this pity was the hardest to bear of all.

"I am something different from other people. I am something to be pitied now," she would say to herself, the hot tears oozing from between her thick eyelashes, as she tried hard to be grateful for all the nice things sent in by kind friends to while away her hours of bondage, and could only think instead of the long, long years stretching before her, to be lived somehow, —of her lost youth,—lost, ere she had fairly gained it. Poor Breen!

The bandages were taken off by and by at the doctor's bidding, and Breen herself was ordered out of doors, to take the pure air and sunshine. All her long, brown hair was cropped close to her head, and curled in pretty babyish fashion over her white forehead and big blue eyes. Breen was prettier than ever, but it was a pathetic, unchild-like prettiness, that contrasted sadly enough with the rosy, care-free countenance of a few months before.

Her parents were wealthy, ambitious people, who headed the social affairs of the large town, fast growing into a large city, and her two elder sisters—Lillian and Maud,—fair, frivolous looking girls,—occupied the same position, in the coterie of youth and beauty boasted of therein.

Breen had hitherto been considered too young to go into society with her elder sisters,—but now that she was sixteen, it was decided by her fashionable mamma that she was to be brought out at a dinner party to take place, a few weeks after her sixteenth birthday.

"The doctor says it will not do to let her grow morbid,—and besides she must come out some time or other," decreed the mistaken matron; so Breen, begging and praying to be let off, and yet longing in every fibre of her girlish body to be liked, and admired, and to have and wear pretty things like the rest, hesitated, wavered, and then in a kind of eager dread, consented, and had lived in a feverish fit of alternating exaltation and depression ever since.

It was all very well when she stood before the mirror in her own little room, in the clouds of white tulle, just brushed here and there with a snowdrift of lace, from which her pale face rose like some frost-touched blossom with the sorrowful droop of the roseleaf mouth, and the sweet forget-me-not blue eyes shining through a mist of tears.

It was all very well while she stood in the safe shelter of her mother's wing, and was only obliged to bow and smile in response to the murmured salutations she could not catch.

It was not so dreadful either, when Dr. Brand, her kind, old physician, whom she somehow could always manage to understand without much difficulty, took her into dinner, and under these favorable circumstances, and the encouraging fact that no one had as yet seemed to take much notice of her, Breen began to breathe freely, and even to chat a little in a friendly way with the worthy doctor, who gave a kindly nod of his head occasionally, to stimulate, without checking, her flow of good spirits. But in the midst of a shy laugh that brought out all her pretty dimples, Breen saw to her horror, an exquisitely dressed young man, with hair parted in the middle, and a finely waxed moustache, observing her intently through his eye-glass, until, catching her eye, he leaned forward—apparently about to address her.

A slight pause ensued,—the young man repeated his remark,—a trifling one about some concert that had taken place recently, all eyes were turned in her direction,—and Breen, sitting in an agony of wounded pride and mortification, blushed redder and redder, and finally blurted out:

"Yes,—no,—I don't know."

Then, catching an irrepressible titter from one of Maud's school-girl friends, she straightway rose from the table, fled as if pursued from the room, and cowering down in one corner of her chamber, sobbed as if her heart would break.

"It's no use—it's no use—I can never be like other girls!" she moaned, pressing closer and closer against the wall, as though to hide herself entirely from view. "Oh Lord!—Oh Lord! help me to bear it. I am so alone—so alone,—and lonelsome, and left out of everything, Lord!" repeating it over and over, till by and by she sobbed herself quiet, and got from the floor, and took off her pretty dress, and hung it away in the darkest corner of the big closet, where she hoped she should never see it again.

Lillian and Maud were very kind to her when they came up stairs, and carefully avoided all allusion to her unlucky escapade,—instead, relating various little triumphs and successes of their own; but after that Breen was urged no longer to join in their social pursuits, gradually from persistent refusal, her name was dropped from all cards of invitation coming to the Breevoort family, and she herself shared a like fate in social memory. She was rarely seen, even by casual callers, who sometimes remembered to inquire for her, and if degrees of epithets, "cold" "odd" "supercilious," began to be applied to Mrs. Breevoort's youngest daughter.

Knowing this, and her mother's distress at the same, Breen did try hard not to mind. She joined Lillian and Maud's girl-friends when they called upon her sisters, and sat silently by, longing to take part in their girlish chatter, and feeling the uncomfortable restraint her mute presence imposed upon them, with every nerve of her sensitiva nature.

"Why don't you talk, Breen?" Lillian would ask after her guests were gone. "Do say something, if only about the weather, and not sit like a marble image of Minerva."

So Breen did not come down any more, though she knew Lillian did not mean to be unkind. Instead, she took long solitary walks, accompanied by her beautiful St. Bernard, Max, who had been her constant companion and playmate from childhood, and was now doubly dear to her in her strange, new loneliness. She read, and studied, wrote essays, and soived mathematical problems, with a feverish energy that

Talmage's Sermon.

TALMAGE TALKS ON LOST PEOPLE.

The Story of Hagar and Ishmael in the Desert—Our Duty is to Look for Our Own Sphere in Life and Then to Keep in It.

BROOKLYN, June 16.—The subject of Dr. Talmage's discourse was: "People Who Have Lost Their Way." He took for his text: "And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water; and she went and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink"—Gen. xxi. 19. The eloquent preacher said:

Morning breaks upon Beer-sheba. There is an early stir in the house of old Abraham. There has been trouble among the domestics. Hagar, an assistant in the household, and her son, a brisk lad of sixteen years, have become impudent and insolent, and Sarah, the mistress of the household, puts her foot down very hard, and says that they will have to leave the premises. They are packing up now. Abraham, knowing that the journey before his servant and her son will be very long and across desolate places, in the kindness of his heart sets about putting up some bread and a bottle with water in it. It is a very plain lunch that Abraham provides, but I warrant you there would have been enough of it had they not lost their way. "God be with you!" said old Abraham as he gave the lunch to Hagar, and a good many charges as to how she should conduct the journey, Ishmael, the boy, I suppose bounded away in the morning light. Boys always like a change. Poor Ishmael! He has no idea of the disasters that are ahead of him. Hagar gives one long, lingering look on the familiar place where she had spent so many happy days, each scene associated with the pride and joy of her heart, young Ishmael.

The Devotion of the Mother.

The scorching noon comes on. The air is stifling, and moves across the desert with insufferable suffocation. Ishmael, the boy, begins to complain, and flies down, but Hagar rouses him up, saying nothing about her own weariness or the sweltering heat; for mothers can endure anything. Trudge—trudge—trudge. Crossing the dead level of the desert, how wearily and slowly the miles slip. A tamarind that seemed hours ago to stand only just a little ahead, inviting the travelers to come under its shadow, now is as far off as ever, or seemingly so. Night drops upon the desert, and the travellers are pillowless. Ishmael, very weary, I suppose, instantly falls asleep. Hagar—as the shadows of the night begin to lap over each other—Hagar hugs her weary boy to her bosom, and thinks of the fact that it is her fault that they are in the desert. A star looks out, and ever falling tear it kisses with a sparkle. A wing of wind comes over the hot earth, and lifts the locks from the fevered brow of the boy. Hagar sleeps fitfully, and in her dreams travels over the weary day, and half awakes from some sobbing cry out in her sleep: "Ishmael! Ishmael!" And so they go on, day after day and night after night, for they have lost their way. No path in the shifting sands, no sign in the burning sky. The sack empty of the flour; the water gone from the bottle. What shall she do? As she puts her fainting Ishmael under a stunted shrub of the arid plain, she sees the blood shot eye, and feels the hot hand, and watches the blood bursting from the cracked tongue, and there is a shriek in the desert. "Beer-sheba. We shall die! We shall die!" Now, no mother was ever made strong enough to hear her son cry in vain for a drink. Heretofore she had cheered her boy by promising a speedy end of the journey, and even smiled upon him when he felt desperately enough. Now there is nothing to do but place him under a shrub and let him die. She had thought that she could sit there and watch until the spirit of her boy would go away forever, and then she would breathe out her own life on his silent heart; but as the boy begins to claw his tongue in agony of thirst, and struggle in distortion, and beg his mother to slay him, she can not endure the spectacle. She puts him under a shrub and goes off a bow shot, and begins to weep until all the desert sounds sobbing, and her cry strikes clear through the heavens; and an angel of God comes out on a cloud and looks down upon the appalling grief and cries: "Hagar, what aileth thee?" She looks up, and she sees the angel pointing to a well of water, where she fills the bottle for the lad. Thank God! Thank God!

We Must Know Our Places.

I learn from this Oriental scene, in the first place, what a sad thing it is when people do not know their place, and get too much for their usefulness. Hagar was an assistant in that household, but she wanted to rule there. She ridiculed and jeered until her son, Ishmael, got the same tricks. She dashed out her own happiness and threw Sarah into a great fret; and if she had stayed much longer in that household she would have upset calm Abraham's equilibrium. My friends, one-half of the trouble in the world to-day comes from the fact that people do not know their place; or, finding their place, will not stay in it. When we come into the world there is always a place ready for us. A place for Abraham. A place for Sarah. A place for Hagar. A place for Ishmael. A place for you and a place for me. Our first duty is to find our sphere; our second is to keep in it. We have no business in a sphere far off from the one which God finally intends us. Sextus V was born on the low ground and was a swineherd; God called him up to wave a scepter. Ferguson spent his early days in looking after the sheep; God called him up to look after stars and be a shepherd watching the flocks of light on the hill sides of heaven. Hogarth began by engraving pewter pots; God raised him to stand in the enchanted realm of a painter. The shoemaker's bench held Bloomfield for a little while; but God called him to sit in the chair of a philosopher and Christian scholar. The soap maker of Leeds could not keep Holloway in that business, for God had decided that Hawley was to be one of the greatest astronomers of England. On the other hand, we may be born in a sphere a little higher than that for which God intends us. We may be born in a castle and play in a costly conservatory, and feed high bred pointers, and angle for gold fish in artificial ponds, and be as familiar with parlor organ as the tailor with forceps or a weaver's shuttle, or a blacksmith's forge. The great thing is to find just the sphere for which God intended us, and then to occupy that sphere and occupy it forever. Here is a man God fashioned to make a plow. There is a man God fashioned to make a constitution. The man who makes the plow is just as honorable as the man who makes the constitution, provided he makes the plow as well as the other man makes the constitution. There is a woman who was made to fashion a robe, and yonder is one invended to be a queen and wear it. It seems to me that in the one case as in the other, God appoints the sphere; and the need's is just as respectable in his sight as the scepter. I do not know but that the world would long ago have been saved, if some of the men out of the ministry were in it, and some of those who are in it were out of it. I really think that one-half of the world may be divided into two quarters—those who have not found their sphere, and those who, having found it, are not willing to stay there. How many are struggling for a position a little higher than that for which God intended them. The bondswoman wants to be mistress. Hagar keeps crowding Sarah. The small wheel of a watch, which beautifully went treading its golden pathway, wants to be the balance-wheel, and the sparrow with chagrin drops into the brook, because it cannot, like the eagle, cut a circle under the sun. In the Lord's army we all want to be brigadier generals! The sloop says: "More mast; more tonnage; more canvass. Oh, that I were a topsail schooner, or a full-rigged brig, or a Cunard steamer." And so the world is filled with cries of discontent, because we are not living in the very place in the place where God put us and intended us to be. My friends, be not too proud to do anything God tells you to do. For the lack of a right disposition in this respect the world is strewn with wandering Hagars and Ishmaels. God has given each one of us a work to do. You carry a sputtle of coal up that dark alley. You distribute that Christian tract. You give ten thousand dollars to the missionary cause. You for fifteen years sit with chronic rheumatism, displaying the beauty of Christian submission. Whatever God calls you to, whether it win hissing or huzza; whether to walk under triumphal arch or lift the sot out of the ditch; whether it be to preach on a Pentecost, or tell some wanderer of the street of the mercy of the Christ of Mary Magdalene; whether it be to weave a garland for a laughing child on a spring morning and call her a May queen, or to comb out the tangled locks of a waif of the street and cut up one of your old dresses to fit her out for the sanctuary—do it, and do it right away. Whether it be a crown or a yoke, do not fidget. Everlasting honors upon those who do their work, and do their whole work, and are contented in the sphere in which God has put them; while there is only wandering, and exile, and desolation, and wilderness for discontented Hagar and Ishmael.

Sympathy with Woman.

Again: I find in this Oriental scene a lesson of sympathy with woman when she goes forth trudging in the desert. What a great change it was for this Hagar. There was the tent, and all the surroundings of Abraham's house, beautiful and luxurious no doubt. Now she is going out into the hot sands of the desert. O what a change it was. And in our day we often see the wheel of fortune turn. Here is some one who lived in the very bright home of her father. She had everything possible to administer to her happiness. Plenty at the table. Music in the drawing-room. Welcome at the door. She is led forth into life by some one who cannot appreciate her. A dissipated soul comes and takes her out in the desert. Iniquities blot out all the lights of that home circle. Harsh words wear out her spirits. The high hope that shone out over the marriage altar while the ring was being set and the vows given and the benediction pronounced, have all faded with the orange blossoms, and there she is to-day, broken hearted, thinking of past joy and present desolation and coming anguish. Hagar in the wilderness!

Here is a beautiful home. You cannot think of anything that can be added to it. For years there has not been the suggestion of a single trouble. Bright and happy children fill the house with laughter and song. Books to read, pictures to look at, lounges to rest on. Cup of domestic joy full and running over. Dark night drops. Pillow hot, pulses flutter, eyes close, and the foot whose well known steps on the door sill brought the whole household out at eventide, crying: "Father's coming!" will never sound on the door sill again. A long, deep grief plowed through all that brightness of domestic life. Paradise lost! Widowhood! Hagar in the wilderness!

How often it is we see the weak arm of woman conscripted for this battle with the rough world. Who is she, going down the street in the early light of the morning, pale with exhausting work, not half slept out with the slumbers of last night, angelic lines of suffering written all over her face, her lusterless eyes looking far ahead as though for the coming of some other trouble? Her parents called her Mary, or Bertha, or Agnes, on the day when they held her up to the font, and the Christian minister sprinkled on the infant's face the washings of a holy baptism. Her name is changed now. I hear it in the shuffle of the worn out shoes. I see it in the figure of the faded calico. I find it in the lineaments of the woe begone countenance. Not Mary, nor Bertha, nor Agnes, but Hagar in the wilderness. May God have mercy upon woman in her toils, her struggles, her hardships, her desolation, and may the great heart of Divine sympathy inclose her forever.

The Tremendous Influence of Mothers.

Again: I find in this Oriental scene the fact that every mother leads forth tremendous destinies. You say: "That isn't an unusual scene, a mother leading her child by the hand." Who is it that she is leading, Abraham's nephew? Who is Ishmael? A great nation is to be founded, a nation so strong that it is to stand for thousands of years against all the armies of the world. Egypt and Assyria thunder against it, but in vain. Gaulus brings up his army, and his army is smitten. Alexander decides upon a campaign, and brings up his hosts and dies. For a long while that nation monopolizes the learning of the world. It is the nation of the Arabs. Who founded it? Ishmael, the lad that Hager led into the wilderness. She had no idea she was leading forth such destinies. Neither does any mother. You pass along the street, and see bass boys and girls who will yet make the earth quake with their influence. Who is that boy at Sutton Pool, Plymouth, England, barefooted, wading down into the slush and slime until his bare foot comes upon a piece of glass, and he lifts it, bleeding and pain struck? This wound in the foot decides that he be sedentary in his life, decides that he be a student. That wound by the glass in the foot decides that he shall be John Kitto, who shall produce the best religious encyclopedia the world has ever had provided, and with his other writings as well, throwing a light upon the Word of God such as has come from no other man in this century. O mother, mother, that little hand that wanders over your face may yet be directed to hurl thunderbolts of war or drop benedictions. That little voice may blaspheme God in the grog shop or cry "Forward!" to the Lord's hosts, as they go out for their last victory. My mind to-day leaps 30 years ahead, and I see a merchant prince of New York. One stroke of his pen brings a ship out of Canton. Another stroke of his pen brings a ship into Melbourne. He is mighty in all the money markets of the world. Who is he? He sits to-day beside you in the Tabernacle. My mind leaps 30 years forward from this time, and I find myself in a relief association. A great multitude of Christian women have met together from a generous purpose. There is one woman in that crowd who seems to have the confidence of all the others, and they all look up to her for her counsel and for her prayers. Who is she? To-day you will find her in the Sabbath school, while the teacher tells her of that Christ who, clothed the naked, and fed the hungry, and healed the sick. My mind leaps forward 30 years from now, and I find myself in an African jungle; and there is a missionary of the cross addressing the natives, and their dusky countenances are irradiated with the glad tidings of great joy and salvation. Who is he? Did you not hear his voice today in the first songs of the service? My mind leaps forward thirty years from now, and I find myself looking through the wickets of a prison. I see a face scatred with every crime. His chin on his open palm, his elbow on his knee—a picture of despair. As I open the wicket he starts, and I hear his chain clank. The jail keeper tells me that he has been in there now three times. First for theft, then for arson, now for murder. He steps upon the trap door, the rope is fastened to his neck, the plank falls, his body swings into the air, his soul swings off into eternity. Who is he and where is he? To-day playing kite on the city commons. Mother, you are to-day hoisting a throne or forging a chain—you are kindling a star or digging a dungeon.

Great Growth of Small Beginnings.

A good many years ago a Christian mother sat teaching lessons of religion to her child; and he drank in those lessons. She never knew that Lamphier would come forth and establish the Fulton street prayer meeting, and by one meeting revolutionize the devotions of the whole earth, and thrill the eternities with his Christian influence. Lamphier said it was his mother who brought him to Jesus Christ. She never had an idea that she was leading forth such destinies. But O, when I see a mother reckless of her influence, rattling on toward destruction, garlanded for the sacrifice with unseemly mirth and godlessness, gayly tripping on down the path, taking her children in the same direction, I cannot help but say: "There they go—there they go; Hagar and Ishmael!" I tell you there are wilder deserts than Beer-sheba in many of the domestic circles of this day. Dissipated parents leading dissipated children. Avaricious parents leading avaricious children. Prayerless parents leading prayerless children. They go through every street, up every dark alley, into every cellar, along every highway. Hagar and Ishmael! And while I pronounce their names it seems like the moaning of the death wind: Hagar and Ishmael.

I learn one more lesson from this Oriental scene, and that is, that every wilderness has a well in it. Hagar and Ishmael gave up to die. Hagar's heart sank within her as she heard her child crying, "Water! Water! Water!" "Ah!" she says, "my darling, there is no water. This is a desert." And then God's angel said from the cloud: "What aileth thee, Hagar?" And she looked up and saw him pointing to a well of water, where she filled the bottle for the lad. Blessed be God that there is in every wilderness a well, if you only know how to find it—fountains for all these thirsty souls to-day. "Oh that last day, on the great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried: If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink." All these other fountains you find are mere mirrages of the desert. Farmer-us, you know, spent his time in trying to find out the elixir of life—a liquid which, if taken, would keep one perpetually young in this world, and would change the aged back again to youth. Of course he was disappointed; he found not the elixir. But here I tell you to-day of the elixir of everlasting life bursting from the "Rocks of Ages," and that drinking that waters you shall never get old, and you will never be sick, and you will never die. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!" Ah, here is a man who says: "I have been looking for that fountain a great while, but can't find it." And here is some one else who says: "I believe all you say, but I have been trudging along in the wilderness and can't find the fountain." Do you know the reason? I will tell you. You never looked in the right direction. "O," you say, "I have looked everywhere. I have looked north, south, east and west, and I haven't found the fountain." Why, you are not looking in the right direction at all. Look up, where Hagar looked. She never would have found the fountain at all, but when she heard the voice of the angel she looked up, and she saw the finger pointing to the supply. And, O soul, if to-day with one earnest, intense prayer you would only look up to Christ he would point you down to the supply in the wilderness. "Look unto me all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved; for I am God, and there is none else." Look! look! as Hagar looked.

Every Desert Has Its Well.

Yes, there is a well for every desert of bereavement. Looking over the audience to-day I notice signs of mourning. Have you found consolation? O man bereft, O woman bereft, have you found consolation? Hearse after hearse. We step from one grave hillock to another grave hillock. We follow corpses; ourselves soon to be like them. The world is in mourning for its dead. Every heart has become the sepulcher of some burial joy. But sing ye to God, every wilderness has a well in it; and I come to that well to-day, and I begin to draw water from that well. If you have lived in the country you have sometimes taken hold of the rope of the old well sweep, and you know how the bucket came up dripping with bright, cool water. And I lay hold of the rope of God's mercy today, and I begin to draw on that Gospel well sweep, and I see the buckets coming up. Thirsty soul! here is one bucket of life! Come and drink of it: "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freiy." I pull away again at the rope, and another bucket comes up. It is this promise: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I lay hold of the rope again, and I pull away with all my strength, and the bucket comes up bright, and beautiful, and cool. Here is the promise: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The old astrologers used to cheat the people with the idea that they could tell from the position of the stars what would occur in the future, and if a cluster of stars stood in one relation, that would be a prophecy of evil; if a cluster of stars stood in another relation that would be a prophecy of good. What superstition! But here is a new astrology in which I put all my faith. By looking up to the star of Jacob, the morning star of the Redeemer, I can make this prophecy in regard to those who put their trust in God: "All things work together for good to those who love God." I read it out on the sky. I read it out in the Bible. I read it out in all things: "All things work together for good to those who love God." Do you love him! Have you seen the Nyctanthes? It is a beautiful flower, but it gives very little fragrance until after sunset. Then it pours its richness on the air. And this grace of the Gospel that I commend to you this day, while it may be very sweet during the day of prosperity, it pours forth its richest aroma after sundown, and it will be sundown with you and me after awhile. When you come to go out of this world, will it be a desert march or will it be a fountain for your soul?

Just the Only Hope.

A Christian hero was dying, and his heathen comrades came around him and tried to comfort him by reading some of the pages of their theology; but he waved his hand, as much as to say: "I don't want to hear it." Then they called in a heathen priest, and he said: "If you will only recite the Numtra, it will deliver you." He waved his hand, as much as to say: "I don't want to hear that." Then they said: "Call on Juggernaut." He shook his head, as much as to say: "I can't do that." Then they thought perhaps he was too weary to speak, and they said: "Now, if you can't say 'Juggernaut,' think of that god." He shook his head again, as much as to say: "No, no, no." Then they bent down to his pillow, and they said: "In what will you trust?" His face lighted up with the very glories of the celestial sphere, as he cried out, rallying all his dying energies: "Jesus." Oh, come to-day to the fountain—the fountain open for sin and uncleanness. I will tell you the whole story in two or three sentences. Pardon for all sin. Comfort for all trouble. Light for all darkness. And every wilderness has a well in it.

The Farm.

Special Request.

Readers of the FARM are asked to turn to the 4th page of this issue and read the announcement of the story by the late D. R. LOCKE ("Nasby"), called "The Demagogue," and then to send, by the next mail, on a postal card, the names and addresses of at least ten persons to whom we may send sample copies, with a view to their subscribing. The FARM has done many a favor for its readers; now pay them back, friends!

INFORMATION WANTED.

Spasmodic Colic.

L. F., Hartford City, Indiana: For spasmodic colic, take of sulphuric ether, 1 oz.; tincture of opium, 1½ ozs.; raw linseed oil, 1 pint. If not relieved in an hour, repeat. It is best to have this on hand, where horses are kept, bottled for use. When this cannot be had at once, give a stiff glass of whisky toddy, hot ale and ginger, or even hot water and ginger. Trot the animal briskly about. The sooner something is given to relieve pain, the better, for if the morbid action keeps up for a few hours, inflamation of the bowels (enteritis) occurs. A copious warm soap and water injection is very beneficial, repented every half hour.

Scours in Calves.

Subscriber, Oliphant's Furnace, Pennsylvania: Give the calf three ounces of castor oil, in which there is stirred a teaspoonful of powdered ginger. After this give repeated chalk 1 oz.; powdered catechu, ½ oz.; powdered opium, 1½ drachms; powdered ginger, 1 oz. Mix in a pint of peppermint water and give a teacupful twice a day. Strong oak bark tea with the addition of ginger is popular with some after the oil has been given. Where calves are sucking, attention to the matter should be given so that the calf may be furnished with the proper kind of milk.

Curb in Three-year-old Colt.

C. B. R., Bradleytown, Pa.: Apply cold water and saltpetre for a few days until the heat is all out. Put on high-heeled shoes to take the weight from the injured ligament. Give a cathartic of 2½ drs. of powdered aloes and ½ oz. of bicarbonate of soda in a pint of warm water. After the part has been bandaged with the water and saltpetre, say for three or four days, give ½ oz. of saltpetre in the drinking water twice a day for four days. Then rub the part affected with red iodide of mercury, 1 dr.; lard, 1 oz.; mix together and apply every evening for eight days, washing off in the morning with warm water and soap. Feed frequently bran mashes and give a month's rest. Never let the bandage remain in a dry state while getting the heat out.

Warts on Yearling Colt's Lips—Colt Rubs Its Mane and Tail.

J. A. H., Forrester, Ill.: Rub the warts for about ten days with unsalted lard. If this does not remove them, or if they are prominent, or pedunculated, snip them off with a pair of scissors, and when done bleeding, touch the parts with lunar caustic. If they bleed too much, touch the parts with a red-hot iron. If they are flat, nitric acid will destroy them, after which heal with fresh lard. These excrescences sometimes disappear without resorting to applications of any kind. For the itch, to which you refer, wash thoroughly with soap and water once a day, afterward saturating the part with a decoction of tobacco juice and salt. If this fails, wash with sugar of lead, 1 oz.; water, 1 pint. The itch on the tail may be caused by pin worms. If so, inject with salt and water, and give a dose of aloes.

Pole Evil—Pimples That Have Pus in Them and Form Scabs.

B. V., Sciotavale, Pa.: To cure the pole evil in your horse, take of sublimed sulphur, 2 lbs.; sesqui-sulphuret of antimony in powder, 1 lb. Dose, a tablespoonful twice a day in feed. Open up the fistulas with a sharp scalpel, to their ends, and if the bone is diseased, scrapeit. Then sponge it to the bottom every day with chloride of zinc, 30 grains; water, 1 qt. If the case had been noticed before it broke, other means would be necessary in beginning treatment. Give your horse that has pimples a pint of raw linseed oil, and afterward sulphate of copper, 1 drachm; iodine, 1 drachm. This amount twice daily in a pint of water for a week. Omit for a week and repeat. Wash the pimples with sugar of lead, 1 drachm to the pint of water.

Swelling in Horse at Point of Shoulder.

N. E. W., Ada, Dakota: Your treatment of lame shoulder was proper the first time. Your horse should have had at least a month's rest after he improved. Driving him, inflammed the part and caused a return of the trouble. The treatment the second time caused aggravation, as before beginning it the animal should have had absolute rest and fomentation to the shoulder for not less than five days, constantly keeping the cloths on the shoulder wet. In present state we would not advise a seaton. Bathe the part with saltpetre 2 ozs.; spirits of camphor, 2 ozs.; salt, 3 ozs., in half gallon of water. After the inflammation is removed, rub the part with spirits of camphor, 1 oz.; oil of turpentine, 1 oz. The animal should have a turn-out to grass for a month or six weeks.

Heaves.

C. C., Nunda, New York: The immediate cause of heaves is rupture of the small cells in the lungs, so that there can not be a permanent cure. Great relief, and a cure in mild cases, may be had by giving a pint of raw linseed oil once every two weeks, feeding mashes and easily digested but nutritious food, and giving Dr. Dick's celebrated formula, which is: Calomel, digatalis, opium and camphor, of each 30 grains. Make into a ball, and give once a day for two weeks. After the first week omit the calomel. The animal should be turned out to short grass while giving the above. Feed no hay or oats that is not dampened. A horse with heaves should not be severely exercised.

Ring-Bone.

C. Mc., Boulder, Ill.: If ring-bone is not treated within three months of the time it is first discovered, the ring-bone is irreducible. In the early stages one firing and two blisters will stop it. Before applying the firing iron, the part should be well fomented with cold water to reduce the inflammation.

Pigs Six Months' Old Lame in Legs.

J. D. C., Orleans, Michigan: Your pigs have, perhaps, been overfed, which causes weakness. They have also caught cold, resulting in swelling of the legs. Lower their diet, and put in soft feed twice a day for each pig, 10 grains of nitrate of potash, a tablespoonful of charcoal, and half a tablespoonful of unleached wood ashes. Continue this for four or five days, and for a week or two keep them in a clean place free from draughts of air when the weather is damp. During fine days they may be turned out to nice grass.

A Cow That Bloats.

J. G. K., Sidley's Run, O.: If you will give your cow a dose of salts—say half a pound, and half an ounce of ginger sweetened with a quart of molasses, and afterward give her 2 drachms sulphate of iron, 1 drachm nux vomica, and 1 oz. powdered gentian daily for a week in dry feed, she will be in condition to eat grass moderately. Remember this: Never allow a cow to eat all the grass she will when first put into the field. Let her in not more than half an hour the first day. Next day let her in a little longer, and bring her up in this way, increasing the time each day. She will then be free from bloven. It is the fermentation of the grass that causes swelling.

As to keeping a silver tube in the rumen, there is no use in it and it would eventually do harm. The trochar should be used only when there is danger of the animal suffocating, and when this is necessary the canula should not be kept open longer than until fermentation ceases. The opening in the stomach should be first sewed up, and afterward the wound in the hide. After this is done, the cow should be fed moderately for several days.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Organize a Good Grange.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I notice in the farm department of THE BLADE, that the farmers are not satisfied with the way in which they are used by millers, manufacturers and merchants, and are, as is usual, doing considerable growling and fault-finding. Now, were I in the habit of using slang, I would be tempted to say rats! because that is the way farmers have been seeking for redress of their grievances for many years, and have not been able to accomplish anything in the way of bettering their condition. D. W. H. Howard asks, "What shall we do?" I will tell him and all others who are or may become interested. Go to work at once and organize a good grange in your vicinity, and urge others to do the same, and do not stop until you have a good working grange in every township in your county; then and then only will you be able to exert any significant influence.

If your miller does not use you right, give him to distinctly understand that if he will not deal squarely with you, that you can and will erect your own mill. The miller will see that you are organized and will make reasonable concessions in order to keep his customers. The same with the merchant. Agree to give him a certain per cent profit; give him a good living profit, if he refuses order your own goods which you can procure at wholesale rates. Machinery, implements, etc., can also be bought in the same way, but if you do not organize, you can do nothing but grumble, as you have been doing. If you want to know more about the grange call on me.—DAN KREBS, Lock 12, Tuscarawas Co. Ohio.

Box Elder.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Some one please tell me through THE BLADE how many pounds of box elder seed is required to secure a stand of timber to the acre. Also, what time of year is best to plant them.—A READER OF THE BLADE, Bradburry, Illinois.

Live-For-Ever.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I should like if some reader of THE BLADE FARM would tell how to destroy what is known as "live-forever."—SILAS Y. BROWN, Johnson's, New York.

Will Some Reader Please Send Plans?

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some reader of THE BLADE please send plans for making an incubator and how to use one.—FRANK SHUMARD, Logtown, O. [Not long since a correspondent gave a plan in THE BLADE FARM for making a cheap incubator. We shall be pleased to hear from others how to make an incubator that will work properly and not cost too much. Your other question has gone to the Question Bureau.—ED.]

Old Virginia Sorrel.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some one of the many readers please tell how to get rid of old Virginia sorrel. I have bought it twice in clover seed bought at stores.—W. A. T., Lynchburg, Ohio.

Wishes to Know How It May be Killed.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some of THE BLADE readers tell, if they can, through the BLADE FARM, how to kill a kind of grass that comes up in the meadows, without breaking up the meadows. It can be told from other grass by its reddish color, and is full of seed about the size of cabbage seed. I do not know the name of it. Some call it a meadow sorrel. It kills out all other grass and is of no use that I know of.—H. M. DISNEY, Stuart, Iowa.

Not in Favor of the Alliance.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—By your permission I wish to make a few statements in regard to F. W. Corlin of Nebraska. He replies to friend Stine in this wise: He urges Stine to join the Alliance in order to buy binding twine cheap. I consider Mr. Stine's money worth just as much as Mr. Corlin's, and when we have to sell our liberty to a political secret organization, in order to accomplish something, we had better go to old England at once. Mr. Corlin says the Farmer's Alliance is not a political party. He certainly cannot have read the *Southern Mercury* last fall, before the presidential campaign. Said paper is published in Texas, and is the leading Alliance paper, publishing right where it started up. I see in the paper that at several of their alliance meetings, they urged and resolved to vote for no man for office who was in favor of a protective tariff. That shows what the party is running to. They are trying hard here now, in Missouri, to consolidate it with the wheelers, but the wheel will not do it. If they should ever get strong enough by '92, they will bring out an Alliance man for President, and run him on the Free Trade ticket. They say they are going to break down all the country merchants by clubbing together and buy their goods at wholesale. I have nothing against the party, but I cannot see where there is going to any good grow out of it. I think it will eventually go like the Granger party.—C. L. G., Rock Spring, Missouri.

Statistical Report to Assessor.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I think that J. M. J. hit the mark in reference to farmers giving the assessor a complete account of all their business, and amount of varieties cultivated and to be cultivated, and number of acres of each; only he did not hit hard enough.

This statistical report is a very great injury to the farmer. It gives the rich grain dealers all the advantage. It enables them to sit in their easy chairs, and smoke fine cigars, and foot up the acreage of each cereal. While we plow and toil in the sun, he performs this at his leisure, drinks lemonade, and rests his feet on his table. "Oh, how easy those farmers make it for me." By the time the crop is matured, he knows how much we have, and has his price fixed accordingly. Why not let him send a man and pay him to collect those reports, if he needs them? The farmers pay taxes to have those blanks printed all over the state for his (the dealer's) especial benefit.

There is another great evil to the farmer's disadvantage, that is the agricultural reports from each county. They invariably overestimate the crops, and one-half of them would not know oats from millet when growing. Three-fourths of them never see a growing crop during the summer, but take Brown's and Charles's word for the crop, and they are blow-hards themselves.

Another great disadvantage to the farmers are those little one-horse country newspapers. They must have something to fill their columns, and they see Smith and Jones, who report that they never had nor seen such prospects for crops. There will be an over abundance and prices will be low. So he gives Smith and Jones a puff as the best farmers in the country, and says we predict corn can be bought for 15 cents per bushel this fall.

The county agricultural reporters send this to headquarters and the thing is done. Now, farmers, quit your blowing and quit furnishing statistics and all will be better off.—J. F. F., Porterville, Kansas.

To Get Rid of Morning Glories.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In reply to Fremont Carr's inquiry how to get rid of morning glories. Sheep are a sure remedy. I know it from experience and that of others. They will eat the ripe seed pods very greedily, and the vines when young. A large flock turned into a cornfield before the corn is cut up will eat the ripe pods as high as they can reach.—N. D. PATTERSON, La Cygne, Kansas.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dusting on Dew.

It is common to make the useful recommendation, in applying any powder to repel insects on plants, to perform the dusting in the morning while the dew is on the plants. The only objection to this recommendation is, that plants are not moistened with dew every morning—or it is evaporated before the owner has time to do the work—or it may be too hot and dry for dew. The work is therefore put off till the insects have done their mischief. A sure way, therefore, adapted to every morning, or to any time in each day, is to procure a watering pot, with a very fine rose, and with a fine mist moisten the plants, and follow immediately with the dusting. Without waiting for a dewy morning, ashes, plaster, air-slacked lime, hellebore, or any of the numerous poisonous powders, may be applied at any time of day.—*Country Gentleman.*

Scours in Calves.

For this trouble a correspondent of an English paper recommends the following: After the calf is taken from the cow, which may be any time after, say one hour, the calf should be placed in a clean, warm stall, and kept there at least a month or six weeks, after which it may get a run in a paddock for an hour or two in the day till it gets accustomed to it. In its milk it should get from the first day a quarter pound of the best linseed cake, softening with a little boiling water, a sufficient quantity to do for two or three days can be prepared at one time; but the milk it should get a pint of warm water to take the chill out of the milk, especially in cold weather. Calves should be kept separated and not allowed to suck each other. They should also be gently rubbed along the back with the fingers at feeding time. I have reared very many as above and never lost one.—*American Farmer.*

More Profit.

Last year we did not get as much yield from our cows as we ought. What are the reasons? This is the most important question. I believe the want of it. Failure to do not mean to fail. This is good. Well, why? In the first place, we are bound to find out the cows which do not pay and then get rid of them. The others will be fed better. There is no doubt but that it will pay to feed good cows meal all the year round. This we shall do night and morning, while the cows are in the stable. Experiment must determine how much meal it will be profitable to feed at a time. Certainly not less than two quarts of mixed food bran, cornmeal and cotton-seed meal, twice a day. We shall try green clover and corn stalks in the season and watch the results. We must get not less than 250 pounds of butter from each cow. There must be a good night pasture as no one can expect to get a large yield of butter without providing ample food. There are other things to be considered. The cows must have plenty of pure water. A cow, thirsting for water, will secrete milk freely. The cows must not be hurried or excited. Excitement stops the secretion of milk. They must also have salt whenever they want it.—*Rural Art.*

Interesting Items.

The cabbage worm will attack the cauliflower, and is not easily destroyed, the result being that cauliflowers are not grown as extensively as formerly. The only remedy is to keep a close watch for the white butterfly, and destroy it as soon as it appears.

Plants renew their roots when the tops are cut back to a certain extent. A fruit-grower claims that even old strawberry plants, if the old leaves are cut off close to the crown when transplanted, will renew themselves and rival the young plant the next season.

The cutting box saves waste of feed. All food should be cut, which better enables the farmer to mix it with ground grain, thereby rendering it more palatable. All provender fed in this uncut condition is subject to loss. Much of it is thrown on the floor and trampled, while much will be uneaten. The saving of food will more than pay for the labor of cutting it.

The use of cottonseed or linseed meal as food for stock should begin gradually. One gill per day is sufficient for the first week. It may be increased until from one to two pounds are given per day. The quantity given should be regulated according to the proportion of other food used, the concentrated foods being used to balance that which may be partially deficient in some desirable element.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

STATE OF TRADE.

Review of Business During the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade, dated New York, June 15, says: The better feeling which was observed a week ago in the iron and steel and the woolen industries still continues, and the improvement is now felt in prices as well as in magnitude of transactions. Meanwhile exports of merchandise increase, notwithstanding gold is sent abroad in large amounts—$3,500,000 having been ordered for shipment to-day. But in two weeks of June, the value of merchandise exports from New York gains 20 per cent over last year, and the exports of breadstuffs, cotton, provisions and oil for May were 12¾ per cent above last year's. These facts point to a smaller, but yet considerable excess of imports over exports this year, so that the outward movement of specie is fully explained, irrespective of trading in securities, but in those it is still the impression that former sales exceed purchases.

The news as to railroad properties is more favorable. A proposition to settle the Northwestern controversy on the basis of an allowance of 60 per cent of through freight to the lake lines is expected to be accepted. Other difficulties are in more satisfactory shape, and earnings continue in excess of last year's. The general average of prices has again advanced a little.

Reports from other cities indicate improvement in trade in Cleveland and Pittsburg and in the wool and groceries trades at Philadelphia, but are otherwise but little changed.

Collections show no improvement on the whole.

Especial activity in leather has resulted from the floods in regions where many tanneries are located and crop leather has advanced fully 2c since June 1.

The glass trade of Pittsburg is fair.

For anthracite coal there is a better demand with reduced output.

The sales of southern iron continue large and prices of pig at Pittsburg are rather lower, but the Thomas iron company has advanced its quotations to $17 for No. 1. Better prices are realized for structural plate iron, and a tenth of a cent better for bar iron, while the larger demand for steel rails has so stiffened the price that $45 is now quoted. Part of the demand resulting from the necessity of rebuilding works, bridges and roads destroyed by flood is but temporary, and yet the consumption otherwise must be on a scale hardly ever surpassed since prices stiffen, with raw iron coming into market at the rate of more than 7,000,000 tons yearly.

Breadstuffs are stronger. Less favorable crop reports are the pretext; probably excessive speculative sales are the cause.

Pork products and hogs are lower, but oil has advanced 1½c.

The rise in raw sugar continues 41c per 100 pounds for the week, and refined has been marked up to 9¾c for granulated.

No disturbance results in the money market here, from the heavy exports of gold, in part because during the past week the treasury has paid out $3,600,000, more than it has taken in.

The business failures number 250, as compared with a total of 225 the week previous. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 232.

Watching the Mormons.

Papers in Alberta territory are calling upon the Dominion government to watch the Mormon colony near McLeod by persons from Salt Lake City. It is charged that they are practicing polygamy, and it is feared they will shortly control the electorate. The government is being urged to send them no more land.

THE CRONIN CASE.

THE VERDICT.

After Careful Deliberation the Jury Made Its Report.

The following is the full text of the verdict of the coroner's jury in the Cronin case at Chicago, on June 12:

We the undersigned, a jury appointed to make inquiries according to law as to how the body of the man viewed by us came to his death, state as our verdict from the evidence:

One—That the body is that of Patrick H. Cronin, known as Doctor Cronin.

Two—That his death was not from natural causes, but from violent means.

Three—That said P. H. Cronin was decoyed from home on North Clark street on the evening of May 4, 1889, by some person or persons to the cottage known as the Carlson cottage, situated at 5572 North Ashland avenue, in Lake View, Cook county, Ills.

Four—That at said cottage the said Cronin was murdered by being beaten on the head with some blunt instrument or instruments in the hands of some person or persons to us unknown on the night of said May 4, or between May 4 and May 5, 1889.

Five—That the body after said murder was committed was placed in a trunk and carried to Edgewater on a wagon by several persons, and they there placed in a catch-basin at the corner of Evanston avenue and Fifty-ninth street, Lake View, where it was discovered May 27, 1889.

Six—That the evidence shows conclusively to all minds that a plot or conspiracy was formed by a number of persons for the purpose of mur

WASHINGTON NEWS.

THE APPOINTMENTS.

The List of Nominations Made By President Harrison.

The President appointed the following named postmasters on June 12:

Hugh B. Neal at Sidney, O.; George H. Remington, Bangor, Mich.; Hans O. Hankness, Albert Lea, Minn.; David C. Hilton, Salisbury, Mo.; Robert Anderson, Pratt, Kas.; Columbus Horin, Oberlin, Kas.; George W. Knapp, Clyde, Kas.; Samuel C. Beebe, Broken Bow, Neb.; John Tweedy, Aurora, Neb.; James T. Stephens, Hickman, Ky.; William F. McDaniel, South Pittsburg, Tenn.; John B. Bullen, Humboldt, Tenn.; George W. Morrison, Portage, Wis.; Percy L. Smith, Rawlins, Wyo. T.; Daniel Locke, Bellevue, Idaho; Ellis Pattee, National City, Cal.

Elias J. Marsh, at Portland, Ind., vice J. G. Imrie, removed; Samuel W. Simson, at Herkimer, N. Y., vice F. A. Gray, removed.

The President made the following appointments on June 14:

DONALD McLEAN of New York to be general appraiser of merchandise for the port of New York, N. Y.

To be collectors of internal revenue:

THOMAS F. PENMAN, for the 12th district of Pennsylvania.

HENRY FINK for the 1st district of Wisconsin.

EARL M. ROGERS for the 2d district of Wisconsin.

JOHN FELAND for the 2d district of Kentucky.

ALBERT SCOTT for the 5th district of Kentucky.

JOHN J. LANDRAM for the 6th district of Kentucky.

A. R. BURNAM for the 8th district of Kentucky.

The President made the following appointments on June 15:

JOSEPH A. LEONARD, of Minnesota, to be consul general of the U. S. at Shanghai.

ZACHARY T. SWEENY, of Indiana, to be consul general of the U. S. at Constantinople.

OLIVER H. DOCKERY, of North Carolina, to be consul general of the U. S. at Rio de Janeiro.

OLIVER S. SIMONS, of Colorado, to be consul general of the U. S. at St. Petersburg.

GEORGE W. ROOSEVELT, of Pennsylvania, to be consul general of the U. S. at Brussels.

LEVI W. BROWN, of Ohio, to be consul of the U. S. at Glasgow.

JAMES B. DOAN, gauger at Cincinnati, O.

The following appointments were made by the President on June 18:

ROYAL A. JOHNSON, of Arizona, to be surveyor general of Arizona.

JAMES J. STOKES, of Dakota, to be receiver of public moneys at Grand Forks, Dak.

THOMAS J. BUTLER, of Arizona, to be receiver of public moneys at Prescott, Ariz.

C. R. HIGGINS, postmaster at Fort Wayne, Ind.

To be Indian agents:

WILLIAM McKUSICK, of Dakota, at the Sisseton agency in Dakota.

STANTON G. FISHER, of Idaho, at the Fort Hall agency, in Idaho.

WM. R. BISHOP, of Oregon, at the Klamath agency, in Oregon.

SAMUEL L. PATRICK, of Kansas, at the Sac and Fox agency, in the Indian territory.

HORATIO N. RUST, of California, at the Mission-Tule river (consolidated) agency in California, embracing Hoopa valley.

LUCIUS FAIRCHILDS, ex-commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, to be a member of the Sioux commission.

THE TREATY RATIFIED.

The State Department Has Official Information From Berlin.

Information was received at the State department on June 14 that the Samoan treaty was officially ratified that morning at Berlin.

The agreement was cordially approved by all the members of the conference and by their respective governments. The best of feeling prevailed at the termination of the labors of the commissioners, and from what can be learned, the Americans have come out of the knotty contest with success crowning their efforts.

The document will not be made public until confirmed by the United States Senate, and from the remarks of men close to President Harrison and Secretary Blaine, the belief is general that that body will favorably consider it.

It is believed that the agreement arranges for the restoration of Malieton and for the appointment of German and American advisors to the king, with an English counsellor to adjust a balance.

The control of affairs is to be left mainly to the Samoans, and questions touching the life and property of foreigners will be subject to the decision of a resident judge —American, English or German—and the importation of liquor and firearms is to be restricted.

The London papers all look on the result of the conference as an American victory and we have undoubtedly emerged with flying colors. Germany has to content herself with much less predominance than in Samoa than she claimed at Washington two years ago, and this result is much more due to the firm and inexorable attitude of the Harrison administration than to any political leanings of England.

A long editorial of the London *Times* has been cabled to Washington, of which the following are the chief points:

"Perhaps it is as well that Prince Bismarck has been made to realize that where American interests are concerned the American government is very little affected by many of those considerations which restrain the action of those European governments with which he is more accustomed to deal. It is easy to see there might be many reasons why it would be inexpedient for England to follow the line of policy in regard to German action in Samoa, which it is natural and necessary for Americans to pursue. It is not less plain that even Germany must think twice or thrice before provoking a collision with America over a question. Therefore, we rejoice at the influence of America so moderately and effectually exerted."

The Charleston.

The cruiser Charleston will be ready for another trial in about three weeks. New crosshead guides have been made and are being fitted, and it is probable that new buckets will be attached to the propeller, the contractors being impressed with the belief that the present screw has too great a lead and does not permit the engines to work off all of the steam generated by the boilers.

In the case of the crosshead guides cast iron has been substituted for steel, and the slides will be of brass faced with white metal, an excellent anti-friction combination.

It would appear that a structural error has been made in the design of the engines in this particular which may avail the contractor as a sufficient reason for a remission of penalties for delay already accrued.

These plans were furnished by the English shipwrights who built the Nantwakon and it now transpires that exactly the same error in regard to the crosshead slide was made in the case of this ship. The error was corrected (as it is now being corrected in San Francisco) before the vessel succeeded in making the necessary horse power.

Get in Line.

The examining boards of the civil service commission will hold examinationsfor positions in the way mail service at the following places on June 20: Mobile, Birmingham and and Montgomery, Ala.; Texarkana, Little Rock and Fort Smith, Ark.; Chattanooga and Memphis, Tenn., and Dallas, Houston and San Antonio, Texas. The lists of eligibles for position in these states are almost exhausted, and these examinations will be held so as to replenish them. Should any persons desire to attend the examination at any of these places and fail to receive an application blank before the time arrives, owing to the short notice, they are advised that they can take the examination on condition that they will fill out and forward the application blank to the commission immediately upon its receipt, otherwise the examination will be cancelled.

Resignations Accepted.

The Attorney General has received the resignations of George S. Peters, United States attorney for the district of Utah; Peter S. Knight, United States attorney for the southern district of Florida, and E. M. Berkin, United States marshal for South Carolina. They have all been accepted to take effect upon the appointment and qualification of their successors.

Standard Silver Dollars.

The issue of standard silver dollars from the mints during the week ended June 15 was $381,835. The issue during the corresponding period of last year was $350,778. The shipments of fractional silver coin since the 1st inst., amounted to $307,628.

United States Surveyors Bound for the Alaskan Border.

The Alaska Commercial company's steamer Bertha has sailed for Alaska. She took with her two parties of men from the United States coast survey. They will define the 141st meridian, part of the boundary line between the Alaskas and British Columbia.

The work will extend from Mount St. Elias to the Arctic ocean, and will take eighteen months. One party, under J. E. McGrath, will survey the Yeakon river, and the other, under J. H. Turner, the Porcupine river. Accompanying the expedition is Professor J. H. Russell, sent by the United States Geographical society and the Smithsonian institute, who will examine the whole region from a geographical standpoint.

Phelps Will Not be Minister to Germany.

There has been a general belief in certain quarters that Wm. Walter Phelps would be made minister to Germany after his duties upon the Samoan commission are completed, but I hardly think that such will be the case. I am quite sure that Mr. Phelps would like the position and also that Secretary Blaine would be personally gratified at the appointment of his friend, but I do not think the President will send Mr. Phelps's name to the Senate. Not that Mr. Phelps is not fully qualified to properly represent this country abroad, or that he has not rendered sufficient party service to justify such a reward as even the German mission, but there are two influences that will operate very strongly against Mr. Phelps. In the first place his devotion to Mr. Blaine is so strong that it is with difficulty that the New Jersey statesman can be made to believe that there is any man in the Republican party entitled to such consideration as the man from Maine. In fact, before his departure for Europe he intimated in private conversation that Mr. Blaine was the back bone of the present administration, and that American interests would be protected both at home and abroad so long as he was at the head of the state department.

JOHNSTOWN.

HASTINGS IN CHARGE.

The State Takes Hold of the Work of Clearing Up the Debris.

The borough of Johnstown and the surrounding towns are now under military rule. At 7 o'clock on June 12 Gen. Hastings took charge, and soldiers were placed on guard duty at all the commissary stations and morgues.

Can Act Now.

Gov. Beaver has received an official report from the state board of health in which the district from the railroad bridge over the Conemaugh river at Johnstown to the mouth of Stony creek is declared a nuisance. The governor now has the legal machinery and the fund to apply it, and the work will be pushed without delay.

4,000 Lost.

Col. Rogers, who had charge of the registration, places the number of killed by the flood at between 3,000 and 4,000.

The reports sent out to the effect that 12,000 to 15,000 people were missing, were based upon the supposition that there were 35,000 inhabitants in these boroughs, when there was only 25,000.

Dogs Digging up the Dead.

The guards at Camp Hastings, near the Prospect Hill burial ground, reported on June 18 that they are having great trouble with dogs, that are constantly disturbing the dead interred at that burial place. Over 100 dogs were driven from the place the previous night and several of them killed. The hastily made graves there are shallow and the dogs have been uncovering and devouring the dead. The Cautier wire people, on the 18th, put a large force of men to work clearing up for the purpose of rebuilding. They will pay out some $500,000 in wages on Saturday.

REBUILDING THE CITY.

Houses to Be Furnished the Needy People of the Valley.

A largely increased force of men were at work in the ruins on June 17, and new men are coming from every direction. Gen. Hastings says about 5,500 men are now at work. Deafening blasts of dynamite are heard at short intervals, and a noticeable impression is being made on the debris above the stone bridge.

The relief committee have decided to erect 100 portable houses to shelter the unfortunates, as soon as the buildings can be received from Chicago. The houses will be 12x28 feet and will be large enough to accommodate six persons each. Carpenters will be sent to put the houses together. Each house will be furnished with a stove and utensils, six chairs, two beds and clothes, two spring mattresses, pillows, two pairs of sheets for each bed, woolen blankets, bureau, table and tableware set in it.

In fact, a family will be given everything necessary to go to housekeeping and told to go ahead now and paddle their own canoe.

The object is to start the town on toward a rise from the ruins, but as the town is yet in chaos, it is impossible to make permanent arrangements. The center of the town may be raised. If a man cannot find his own ground now, he can set his house up anywhere and move it on his land when it is found under the debris.

If the houses give satisfaction the committee will not stop at buying 1,000 of these for building up the town.

In connection with this move at building up the ruined city, Gen. Hastings has purchased an immense quantity of lumber, and will, next Tuesday, commence building shanty stores for those that will set up in business again. Over one hundred have already made applications.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

The Entire Collapse of the Scheme—Suffering Laborers.

The Panama canal collapse continues the topic of discussion on the Isthmus, not that as matters stand it effects the "canal," but that the collapse has affected all there, and produced great suffering. Thousands, as already reported, have already left, but there are others who yet require transportation.

Of course there are always "the more hopeful" and these have remained up to the last, but they are now allowing off as fast as means of transportation are afforded them by that large hearted national charity which has led countries and islands to remove their destitute fellow countrymen from the isthmus.

In all upwards of 8,000 Jamaicans have been sent back to Jamaica, and so in proportion those of other countries have been removed by the "international" feeling of charity which has moved off our "international canal" workers.

Matters are of course as dull as can be, and the city of Panama has resumed that quiet appearance it wore over 20 years ago, when one or two steamers would visit the port in a week.

The number of sales by auction of household furniture, even in the city of Panama is unprecedented, and all merchandise is disposed of for much below its valve.

CASTING HIS NET.

Cleveland Does Not Want the Democratic Party to Forsake Him.

Ex-President Cleveland has written the following letter to the secretary of the Maryland Tariff Reform club of Baltimore, under date of June 11:

"Your letter informing me of my election as an honorary member of the Maryland Tariff Reform club is received. I accept the courtesy thus tendered me with thanks.

"The object and purposes of the club, as set forth in the declaration accompanying your letter, have my hearty sympathy and support, and I believe their accomplishment absolutely essential to the greatest prosperity of our people and the highest development of our country.

"You must, however, permit me to say that so far as parties are concerned my hope and reliance for a better condition of things is upon the Democratic party organization, which in my opinion cannot be true to its traditions and ancient creed without a hearty and sincere espousal of the cause to which our club is devoted."

DON'T WANT HILL.

The Democrats will Always Think He Killed Grover's Goose.

The St. Louis *Republic* (Democratic) on June 15 prints an entire page devoted to the opinions of Democratic editors as to the availability of Governor Hill, of New York, as the Democratic standard-bearer in the Presidential contest of 1892. The newspapers to which the query was addressed circulate in ten states where Democratic opinion is strongly represented by them. There is but one expression in favor of the nomination of Governor Hill, coming from the Atlanta (Ga.) *Chronicle*, a protection paper. Of the others all but two are unqualifiedly opposed to the nomination of Hill. The two exceptions are the Louisville *Courier Journal* and Atlanta (Ga.) *Journal*. Mr. Watterson simply declines to commit himself to an opinion now.

After More Breweries.

It is learned that the New York broker, Untermeyer, acting as the authorized agent of the English syndicate, was in Boston, recently, and made a proposition to all the great Roxbury brewers, which, if accepted, will give the Englishmen possession.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ANTI-JESUIT CONVENTION.

The Agitation to be Boomed in the Provinces.

At session of the anti-Jesuit convention, at Toronto, on June 12, the organization committee presented its report. It recommended the adoption of the following:

"The provincial association is to be known as the Equal Rights association. Branches will be formed in townships, villages, towns, cities or other municipalities, or parts thereof. Each branch will have a chairman, secretary, treasurer and executive committee, and will send delegates to the district council, of which the headquarters will be at county towns or other equally convenient places.

These district councils, in turn, will send delegates to the provincial councilor, the grand governing body, which will meet annually, or at such other times as shall be deemed expedient by the Executive committee.

This committee will be elected by the provincial council and be composed of thirty members. The formation of a Dominion association on similar lines was suggested.

The discussion of the report was deferred until after the adoption of various resolutions.

The resolution committee reported five more resolutions. The first expressed accord with the system of public schools, and affirmed the principle that a man should be a separate school supporter only on his own desire.

The second affirmed the principle that nothing but English should be taught in the schools of the province; that teachers should be qualified to instruct in that language, and that no books other than those authorized by the education department should be used.

The third pledged the convention to support for public positions only those men who would subscribe to the principles of the convention.

The fourth affirmed the expediency of the formation of an association along the lines laid down by the organization committee.

The fifth endorsed the action of the citizens' committee of Toronto in having petitioned the Dominion government for the disallowance of the Jesuit's estate act.

The convention adopted the five resolutions and the plan of organization, and the council met and elected Rev. Dr. Caven, chairman; S. C. Duncan Clark, treasurer, and E. D. Armour, secretary.

There was a rather warm discussion over the resolution insisting that English should be the only medium of instruction in the public schools of the province and that every school teacher should be able to teach English.

Several members denounced the condition of things which they declared existed in the eastern counties. Principal Caven, however, said he thought it would have been only fair if the Ontario government had been given credit for taking a step in the right direction in the appointment of a commissioner to investigate the state affairs in the eastern counties.

The resolution was passed unanimously.

TEN THOUSAND KILLED.

A Destructive and Fatal Fire Reported in a Chinese Town.

The Shanghai *Courier* of May 10 contains news which the latter received from a correspondent at Chung Kiang, to the effect that Luchow, a city of some importance, was reported as being nearly destroyed by fire a month previous. The loss of life, burned and trampled to death, is estimated at 10,000.

Commenting on this, the Shanghai *Courier* says: "In case this startling news is true, it is a remarkable fact that it has not reached Shanghai before now, as it is just a month since the fire was reported to have occurred. Still this is not conclusive proof that a great disaster has not happened, as a month is not too long a time for a letter to reach Chung Kiang. We met a gentleman in Shanghai to-day who was in Ichang less than a month ago, and he informed us that a mandarin who was a fellow-passenger with him as far as Hankow told him about the fire, mentioning that three-fourths of the people of Luchow had been destroyed."

FEAR AN UPRISING.

The Inhabitants Leaving One of the Honduras.

The steamship Wanderer, Capt. Raymond from Bay Islands and Central America, the 12th inst., reports that great excitement prevailed at Ruatan, owing to a reported discovery of a plot which the natives had formed, to take possession of the island and place it under another flag.

The British yacht Rosalind has been in that vicinity some time and her captain was ashore the night of the expected attack. He was arrested but subsequently released. It was also reported that the yacht had a cargo of small arms. This occurred about the 7th inst. The natives were leaving the island as fast as possible, some going to Belise and others to the main land, in whatever direction trausportation offered.

TO THE COAST.

Stanley Met Tippoo Tib and Went on With Emin.

Letters received at Zanzibar from Ujiji, dated March 10, says that Stanley met Tippoo Tib and sent a number of sick followers back with him by the way of the Congo. Stanley intended coming to the east coast with Emin Pasha. Tippoo Tib would arrive in Zanzibar in July.

Russian Duties.

A number of modifications have been made in the Russian import duties. The duty on woolen rags has been fixed at one gold rouble; on explosives at three gold roubles, and on gunpowder at one gold rouble and 40 copecks per pood. The duty on raw wool, shoddies and worsteds has been raised 20 to 100 per cent; on starch 7 per cent and on wax 25 per cent. The tariff on rice has been lowered 20 per cent. The government is drafting a new treaty of commerce with Japan.

Wants an Explanation.

A memorial was handed to Emperor William by Count Von Waldze, two weeks ago, setting forth the fact that Russia was arming her troops, and begging the Emperor to ask the Czar the meaning of these warlike preparations. The communication has caused the Emperor considerable irritation. Prince Bismarck is persuaded, however, that Russia has no hostile intentions.

An Excursion Accident.

A train containing an excursion party from Armagh, was wrecked near that place on June 12. Twenty persons were killed and a number injured.

The train contained 1,200 persons, composed of Methodist Sunday school scholars, their teachers and relatives. They were going on an excursion to Warren Point. Seventy bodies have been taken from the wreck and there are others uried under the debris. Warren Point, is a watering place at the mouth of the Newry river, in county Down.

Parnell's Appeal.

Mr. Parnell's appeal against the postponement of his libel suit against the *Times* has been dismissed, with costs. The Appeal court decided that the delay in the trial had not damaged Mr. Parnell's character, the *Times* having admitted the libel, and paid the money into court.

Sugar Bounties.

In the House of Commons, on June 17, Mr. William Henry Smith, the government leader, announced that the government had decided to postpone further proceedings in relation to the bill to put into effect the sugar bounties.

Arms for Russia.

The Russian army will soon be provided with breech-loading rifles, which will carry a distance of 6,000 feet. These improvements in the army of the troops involve immense expenditures.

Switzerland's Neutrality.

The Bundesrath reaffirms the neutrality of Switzerland, and disputes the right of any state to question or denounce it.

The Pope is Well.

A dispatch to the *Lancet*, (English medical journal), from Rome, says the Pope is well and hearty.

Nebraska Crops.

Reports on the crops show the outlook could hardly be more encouraging for cereals of all kinds. Corn is in an especially fine condition. The small grains have suffered slightly in a few localities on account of dry weather, but with the recent heavy rains they promise a harvest almost, if not fully, up to the best of former years. Fruit of all kinds is yielding in abundance.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE SIOUX COMMISSION.

Signing the Bill.

At 4 p. m. on June 11, 1,028 Indians ha signed at Rosebud Agency. Intelligence from other agencies indicate that success there probably insures favorable results at all the others. There seems to be a general impression that practically the only opposition will be made at Standing Rock.

What a Great Base Ball Captain Sitting Bull Would Make.

Couriers who arrived at Bismarck on June 16, from Standing Rock report Sitting Bull, the notorious Sioux chief, as alive and slowly growing stronger. In an interview with regard to the proposed opening of the reservation for settlement, he said he never signed a treaty, and never would. He is as bitterly opposed to the opening of the reservation now as he was a year ago.

When told of the number of Indians at the lower agencies who were signing he would not believe it. He said he had Indians at the lower conference who reported to him and he knew that no such number as reported had signed. He is cunning and suspicious and thinks the commissioners are giving out the reports to influence the Indians at the upper agencies.

There is every reason to believe that the commissioners will succeed in opening the reservation, but they must do it without the aid or consent of Sitting Bull and his friends.

Killing Time.

At the council between the different bands of Indians at Pine Ridge on June 16, it was decided by them to hold another council among themselves, and then break up their camp at this agency and scatter to their homes. If this is done, it will at least greatly delay action here.

The only Indians who are now prepared to sign are those who were either present at the discussion at Rosebud, or were influenced by the action. As matters now stand, they are in the minority. The opponents of the bill have been aided by outside support, and the united strength is formidable. The commission expect to hold a council this afternoon.

POOR JOHN REDMOND.

His Mind Never Recovered from the Shock When His Little Annie was Stolen.

John Redmond, of Chicago, the father of Annie Redmond, the little girl who was kidnaped by the Gurley woman, was taken charge of by the police on June 15. Redmond became insane after his child was kidnaped and was sent to the asylum at Kankakee. When the girl was found he became so much improved that he was permitted to return home, and on a later examination he was pronounced cured. A few days ago he began to show signs of insanity again and to-day he became very violent, and threatened to kill his wife. Mrs. Redmond sent for officers and had her husband locked up. She will ask that he be sent to the asylum again.

AN EASY VICTIM.

A Farmer Who Yielded Up His Surplus Willingly.

Ross Schoonover, a wealthy farmer living five miles from Kankakee, Ill., was swindled out of $3,000 June 11. Two men, representing themselves as Eastern capitalists in search of a farm, called upon Schoonover. After gaining his confidence, the two men engaged in a game of cards.

One lost heavily and offered Schoonever $500 to go to Kewanee and obtain $3,000 for him. Schoonever obtained the money and started to his home. Three miles from town he was met by the sharpers on his return and gave them the money, taking in return a worthless check for $3,000 on a Rockford bank.

Disastrous Cave-In.

The most disastrous cave-in which ever occurred in the Pennsylvania coal regions, took place at Wilkesbarre, Pa., on June 12. The Hollenback and Hellman vein mines are situated under a thickly settled portion of the city. They are 1,000 feet deep, and for years past no coal was supposed to be mined in that portion of it underlying the city, for fear the earth would sink. At 4 o'clock the crash came. Madison street, one of the principal thoroughfares of the city, is filled with orevices, from which the gas escapes in huge volumes. Owners of houses are greatly alarmed. The men in the mines had all they could do to escape with their lives. Some of the mules were caught in the workings and killed.

Reports Conflicting.

The latest accounts in regard to the Cedar Creek, Tex., shooting affray are quite conflicting, one report stating that 6 men were killed, 4 mortally wounded and 3 seriously hurt. Another account says that only 3 were killed—Alex Scloop and a negro named Bell—and 4 wounded. Officers who returned to Austin from Cedar Creek, yesterday, say everything was quiet there, but a large band of officers were out scouring the country for Wilson, the negro constable who started the affray. It was reported that he had been found in the woods and killed but the report was not confirmed. It was said that all the negroes fled from the neighborhood.

Indianapolis Has a Murder Mystery On Her Hands.

The Indianapolis police are excited over a murder mystery. On June 11 the body of Thomas Kinney was found on the street. His neck was broken and his skull crushed. When last seen he was half intoxicated, in the company of a married woman, whose husband was heard to threaten Kinney. The police have not been able to find either the woman or her husband. It is the belief of the police that Kinney was killed in a building near the place where the body was found and was then thrown from a fourth story window.

Wham's Murderers.

The preliminary hearing of the parties who robbed Paymaster Maj. J. W. Wham was closed at Tucson, Ariz., on June 12. Gilbert Webb, Wilford Walsh, M. E. Cunningham, Nall Follett, Lyman Follett, Thomas Lamb and David Rogers were held to answer before the grand jury. Edward Follett was discharged. All the parties held were identified and a large amount of circumstantial evidence adduced against them. Other parties will probably be arrested soon.

Killed in a Noble Effort.

Charles Johnson, employed at the Minnesota mines at Two Harbors, Minn., met his death Tuesday night. A dump car at the top of the shaft, at which he was working, broke loose from its fastenings and dashed backward toward the shaft. Johnson, thinking to save his friends at the bottom of the pit threw himself against the car, but was instantly thrown over the edge of the platform and fell 150 feet down the shaft, killing him instantly.

Freezing Out the Saloons.

The law increasing the liquor tax is now in force at Yankton, Dak., The retail liquor license has heretofore been $800 per annum. Under the new law the lowest tax that can be imposed is $800, and may be placed as high as $1,600, at the option of the county commissioners. There are 25 saloons in Yankton, and after July 1 there will probably not be more than five.

Plug Tobacco Trust.

The latest is a trust of $25,000,000 which takes in all the plug tobacco manufacturers of the United States. Their scheme is said to be one stock to the valuation of their plant. Leggett & Meyers and Drummond & Co., of St. Louis, and P. Lorillard of New York are at the head of the affair.

Fire Record.

In Franklin, Mass., June 8, the Franklin Saw works, $38,000; in Westboro, June 10, Wightman & Baman's straw shop, $31,000; in Grinnell Iowa, Jun e 12, the Treat elevator, $200,000; in West St. Paul, Minn., ice house of the St. Paul Ice company, $40,000; at Montreal, June 16, the Bushnell oil refinery, $25,000.

Oklahoma Still Alive.

A call for a territorial convention for Oklahoma has been issued, signed by Mayor Dyer, of Guthrie, and a committee of citizens. The convention is to begin at Guthrie, Wednesday, June 19.

Brice Gets It.

Calvin S. Brice was elected chairman of the Democratic National committee at its meeting in New York on June 12.

A KANSAS STORM.

Loss of Life at Uniontown—News from Other Points.

Advices about the disaster in Kansas, from wind and rain storms, are that Uniontown, about fifteen miles west of Fort Scott, on the Wichita & Western railway, was swept away and that two women and four children were drowned.

Uniontown, which is a place of 600 inhabitants, is in the midst of a thickly settled country, and it is feared that the loss of life is even heavier than reported.

As the wires are down for fifteen miles on either side, nothing definite can be learned. The storm struck the western part of Bourbon county late at night, coming from the west, where it had played great havoc.

At Augusta it assumed the form of a cloud-burst, and though everything possible has been done to obtain details by the railroads, all is uncertain at present.

In Fort Scott it commenced raining at 7 o'clock Sunday morning. Old residents say it was the hardest rain in 30 years. Water commenced raising in Buck Run at 8 a. m. The Lamb and Meadsic dams on South street burst about 10 a. m., causing the water in Buck Run to rise at the rate of about three feet an hour, carrying away several houses and the bridge across Sixth street.

The part of Fort Scott known as Belltown is entirely under water. This was caused by the overflow from Marmaton river. People were taken out with boats. Several bridges were washed out, and trains were stopped on both sides of Fort Scott.

The Kansas, Nebraska & Dakota track is under water for about nine miles out. The Memphis road is badly damaged for about 1,000 feet ten miles north of Fort Scott.

All the people in the bottom lands in East Fort Scott moved out. At last accounts the water had stopped rising, and if no more rain falls the flood will rapidly subside. Every effort is being made to obtain information from Uniontown.

The Upper Valley of the Walnut Flooded.

At El Dorado, Kansas, the upper valley of the Walnut is flooded from excessive rains, the streams being higher than they have been for years. Saturday night the river came up so suddenly that a family by the name of Graham started from their home to the high land. The mother and baby were drowned, the father and one child escaping.

It is surmised that a number of people have been drowned in the lower valley. The water is receeding this morning. A later rumor reports the drowning of O. Beaman in Cassiday.

TRADE WITH CANADA.

The Investigation Finished for the Present—To Convene in Boston.

The senatorial committee to investigate the government's trade relations with Canada was called to order in the chamber of commerce at Minneapolis, June 12. The testimony brought covers about the same ground as that taken in St. Paul. C. A. Pillsbury, Anthony Kelly and several other prominent men were examined at length. Mr. Pillsbury was the first witness and was kept under a cross fire of questions for over an hour, nearly every member of the committee questioning him upon different topics.

He said that any legislation that Congress might originate bettering the commercial relations between Canada and this country would be appreciated by the wheat and milling interests of this section; that the values of these articles were always fixed in Europe. If the restrictions can be removed and the duty taken off it would benefit us greatly. Considerable of the flour we sold in Canada, and if this duty can be removed by annexation or any other plan more of our flour would be sold there.

In answer to the question as to whether the removal of the present tariff would suit the people of Canada, Mr. Pillsbury replied: "It might not please the party in power now, but I am sure it would suit the majority of commercial men."

Numerous questions were asked Mr. Pillsbury regarding the effect of annexation with British Columbia and Manitoba. Mr. Pillsbury said he believed it would work no injury, if the people of that country were agreed.

Others followed in the same strain. A general summing up of the testimony shows that all are decidedly in favor of unrestricted trade relations with Canada.

The committee left for Chicago, where the party disbanded, coming together a month later in Boston to continue the inquiry.

TRADE WITH AUSTRALIA.

Commercial Relations Growing Better Each Year.

The statistics of the trade with Australia show that the value of the exports in 1887 from San Francisco to Australia was $1,010,000, while in 1888 the total was $1,830,000, or an increase of 80 per cent. The imports from Australia during 1880 amounted to $2,380,000. For the first five months of 1889 the exports show an increase of 40 per cent, and may reach $2,500,000 from San Francisco for the year.

In 1888 the lumber shipped from Puget Sound to Australian colonies represented a value of $1,220,000 in 125 ships, showing total value of exports for 1888 exceeded $3,000,000 from American ports on the Pacific coast. This excludes the exports to New Zealand, which also show a large increase. It is claimed that in the case of a semi-monthly steamship service to Australia now contemplated, if it includes Samoa, New Zealand and Australia, the result will show a still larger per centage of increase. Although in the direct line there is now no direct service to Samoa, the trade being in German ships to Samoa from New Zealand.

CATTLE RESTRICTIONS.

Governor Fifer Has Issued Another Proclamation.

Governor Fifer, of Illinois, has issued a proclamation, stronger in terms than the one heretofore in force, regarding the importation of Southern cattle, considered dangerous because of their liability to convey Texas and splenic fever, in which the rules of the board of livestock commissioners, including the sections of the emergency act passed by the last General Assembly, which defined the duties of railroad, transportation and stock yards companies under the proclamation are given, and adding one section directing the manner in which cars shall be cleansed after shipment from those districts. This proclamation is made necessary in order to take advantage of the penalties prescribed in the new act, the district heretofore scheduled remaining the same.

LEPROSY IN CANADA.

Three Cases of a Very Pronounced Nature.

A few weeks ago it was reported to the department of Agriculture at Ottawa, which isoharged with the administration of health matters in Canada, that there were cases of leprosy prevalent. Dr. Smith was instructed to make a personal investigation. His report, which has just reached the department, shows that there are three distinct cases of leprosy, two women and one man.

The disease has made terrible ravages on the man, and Dr. Smith reports him to be a most repulsive looking object.

The three lepers have been in daily contact with their friends, and Dr. Smith has been instructed to keep a careful watch to see if the disease manifests itself upon any of them, so that precautions may be taken.

Two Children Find an Awful Death While Fishing.

Last Thursday two children of Edward Bachus, a farmer of Rosier, Mo., a small village 50 miles south of Kansas City, on the Kansas line, went to a creek about a mile from home to fish. Upon their failing to return at night, searching parties were organized, and last Friday evening their bones were found near a ledge of rocks that had long been known as Wolf's Den. A band of timber wolves have used this section for years, and it is thought the children were killed and eaten by the animals. The boys were aged 10 and 12 years.

Recent Deaths.

In Haverhill, Mass, June 11, John B. D. Cogswell, ex-president of the Massachusetts Senate, aged 60; in Woburn, Mass., Joseph Woodruff, a well-known Cincinnati manufacturer, aged 58; in Mare Island Marine hospital, San Francisco, Lieut. Frank R. Heath, U. S. N.; in Charlestou, S. C., ex-Congressman William F. Colcock; in Charleston, S. C., Dr. Andrew Simmonds, a prominent figure in the history of the state since the war; in Newport, R. I., June 14, Francis Brimley, the nestor of the Rhode Island bar, and well-known in antiquarian circles, aged 89.

CORNER ON SUGAR.

Three New York Men in a Very Shady Scheme.

Three men who formed a sugar trust in a rather unique way, and who have been making a small fortune for the past three years, have come to grief, and are now prisoners at Police headquarters in New York. They are George H. Coggeswell, John Mohler and Mr. Vantine, of the firm of Vantine & Werhmann, grocers of 37 Spring street. Coggeswell has been the trusted truckman of the Brooklyn Sugar Refining company for years. Mohler has been receiving clerk for the firm of Austin, Nichols & Co., the wholesale grocers at 55-61 Hudson street.

A member of the latter firm recently called on Inspector Byrnes and informed him that their firm was being robbed of sugar in some unaccountable way. Detectives were put on the case and they soon discovered that Coggeswell and Mohler were in collusion; they subsequently learned that when Coggeswell was sent with 25 barrels of sugar to be delivered to Austin, Nichols & Co., he always left ten of the barrels at the store of Vantine & Wehrmann, and that Mohler would always sign for the receipt of the 25 barrels at the store of Austin, Nichols & Co.

These prisoners have confessed to the theft, but Vantine claims that he believed the sugar he received came direct from the refinery. He had been been paying $10 a barrel for loaf sugar, and $12 for granulated. This is about one-half of the real value. During the existence of the system it is estimated that upward of 350 barrels of sugar have been stolen. The aggregate value is about $8,000. The courts will probably have to decide whether the Brooklyn Sugar Refining company or the firm of Austin, Nichols & Co., will sustain the loss.

INDIAN MASSACRE.

The Chippewas of Minnesota on the War Path.

The treacherous Chippewa Indians are on the war path again and there are grave fears of a general uprising. Already seven Swede laborers have been massacred. The present trouble is the outgrowth of encroachment by the whites upon the Mille Lacs reservation. Recently a contract was awarded by the settlers to Foley Bros., of St. Paul, to dig a ditch for irrigation purposes from Mille Lacs lake to a point on the Smoke river near Mora. When the Indians learned a ditch was to be dug, they at once came to the conclusion that the intention was to drain the latter and deprive them of their fishing privileges.

Notice was served by the Indians upon the contractors, warning them that if they did not leave the territory at once they would be put to death.

The contractors gave no heed to the warning, but came here and engaged 300 laborers who began work on June 13 at Mille Lacs. About noon they were attacked by a party of about 400 Chippewas, led by White Snake and Great Bear. The Indians were in full war paint and were armed with Winchester rifles and tomahawks. As soon as they saw the reds coming the laborers dropped their shovels and fled toward this place. They were pursued by the savages, who shot and killed one man.

Several others were wounded but not seriously.

The Indians Subdued.

The troops sent to the scene of the Indian outbreak at Mille Lacs broke camp at Mora and returned to Fort Snelling on the 17. The latest courier from the reserve brought news to Mora at noon that the Indians had sobered off, and were not inclined to make further trouble.

The appearance of the troops had a wholesome effect in intimidating them, and for this reason the expedition was not altogether useless. The scared settlers have regained courage, and are returning to their homes. It is likely that the arrest of Wasina, the young buck who shot Magnusson, will be left to the United States marshal and his deputies.

There is a question, unsettled even in the land office and interior departments, whether the land belongs to the government or to the Indians—whether it is a reservation or not.

District Attorney Baxter is in communication with the Washington authorities, and when a decision is reached in Wadena's case it will be important as indicating the future policy of the government regarding the ownership of the land.

The Indians, threatened with the loss of their possessions, have grown bitter toward the government and the whites, but they are held in check by a provision in the treaty which secures them their rights. When they sold the bulk of the reservation 23 years ago they signed an agreement giving them the right to live on the reserve as long as they are at peace with the whites, and they know that any organized attack on the settlers would be an excuse for taking the lands.

NEGRO PRIESTS.

Cardinal Gibbons to Perform the Initiatory Ceremony Shortly.

Cardinal Gibbons will shortly perform the initiatory ceremony towards ordaining the first colored priest in the United States by admitting Randolph Uncles to the clerical state. The ceremony of receiving the robes of the church will take place at the Baltimore cathedral on the 21st inst. The candidate is a Baltimorean, and one of the first of several students to enter St. Joseph's seminary.

He is studying at that institution and attending lectures at St. St. Mary's seminary. He is ordained he will work among the colored people. The only colored priest in the country was ordained in Rome and is stationed in Illinois. St. Joseph's seminary was established to train clergy for work among the colored people. Heretofore ministers and missionary workers have been drawn from England.

The first two ordinations for this field will be made on the 21st, by the cardinal. Romano Ferrar, one of the candidates is a native of Spain and has studied at Barcelona, and the other, Michael J. Heffaman, is a native of Philadelphia and has studied in England. Both have attended St. Joseph's seminary.

HAD A CLOSE CALL.

Farmers Almost Kill a Man in an Attempt to Frighten Him Into a Confession.

Charles Larkins was working for a farmer who lives in the neighborhood of McLouth, Kansas, and on June 8 the farmer missed his gold watch and ring, and accused Larkins of stealing them, which was denied.

The farmer told the neighbors of his suspicion of Larkins and it was determined to hang him until he owned up. He was taken out in a field to a tree, when a rope was placed around his neck and he was told to confess. He refused, and was jerked into the air, but was let down.

He was given another chance, but he more stoutly than ever declared his innocence, and was again suspended. When finally cut down he was thought to be dead. Recognizing the gravity of their offense, the lynchers sent for a physician.

After two hours' work Larkin was resuscitated and taken to the farmer's house, where he now lies in an unconscious condition. The participants in the lynching are all known